THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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ANCIENT ARDAGH.

Charming Description of the Antiquities and Beauties of the Famous Irish See, by Miss Banim.

Ardagh, Itself, a Model Village, Unsurpassed in Cleanliness and Neatness.

ARDAGH.

As we return through the demesne a pathway to the right of the avenue leads to the Protestant church and to the remains of one of the earliest Christian temples erected in this country, and founded by St. Patrick himself in the year 454. Canon Monahan, who had access to the best known and most authentic records of the diocese of Ardagh, in his "Records of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise," says that the See was founded by St. Patrick, who placed here as its first bishop his own nephew, St. Mel, or Moel, the son of St. Patrick's sister, Darerca:—"St. Patrick regenerated Mann, the Lord of South Teffia, in Longford, in the laver of baptism, and afterwards built a church in a place called Ardachadh, which, to this very day, is the See of Ardagh, and consecrated his sister's son, Melus, bishop of it, with whom he left Milchus co bishop. Milchus was brother to St. Melus. Mann is the progenitor of the people of Teffia." Here St. Mel continued as bishop until his death in the year A.D. 487 or 488

Of the ruined church sufficient yet remains to show what the building was—"nearly Cyclopean"—Canon Monahan says. A great portion of the four walls is standing, and the doorway is almost perfect. There is considerably more remaining of the farther end wall; this is in much better preservation, and is seemingly of more careful build—perhaps reconstructed at a later date. The stones used in the construction of the church are of extraordinary size, many of them six feet long, some almost eight feet, and of great thickness; so many of these

IMMENSE BLOCKS

lie within and immediately outside the walls that it seems as if the church could easily be rebuilt by just replacing the stones which have fallen. This venerable ruin is situated partly within the demesne of Ardagh House, [illegible] portion just beside the high road to Longford.

Besides the great interest attaching to this, the ancient cathedral of Ardagh, both on account of its founder and of its first bishop, it has also a deep interest for all who venerate the memory of the first Abbess of Ireland, St. Brigid. From her birth to the day of his own death, St. Mel was the friend of Brigid, whose great sanctity he foretold before her birth, to whom he administered the sacrament of confirmation at a very early period of her youth, and whom he finally consecrated to the religious life, the ceremony, it is believed by high authorities, taking place in this little church.

In his valuable work upon Ardagh, Canon Monahan brings together a great many important testimonies in support of this opinion, and these give us a vivid picture of the young saint and the seven other religious women who followed her example, journeying through the country in search of the spiritual father who was to receive their final vows and consecrate their lives to the service of God and of the poor. Canon Monahan, quoting from a life of St. Brigid translated by Prof. Eugene O'Curry, relates of St. Brigid that she sought and obtained her father's consent to her embracing the religious life—"being anxious to have the order of penance conferred upon her, she went to Bri Eile (now the hill of Croghan) and seven veiled women with her, having heard that Bishop Moel (Mel) was there." When Brigid and her holy companions came to Croghan they found that St. Mel had returned to his own diocese, upon which the company,

LED BY ST. M'CAILLE,

continued their journey on to Ardagh, miracles attending the progress of St. Brigid, under whose feet a miry bog dried up and became a flowery plain, and thus it has remained ever since. Again, as she neared Ardagh, where St. Mel received and welcomed them, a column of fire, says the biographer of the saint, ascended from her head to the ridge of the church. Arrived at Ardagh, Bishop Mel confirmed the religious, previously veiled by St. MacCaille, in their holy life, and conferred the orders of Abbess upon St. Brigid. "What have the veiled women come for?" said Bishop Mel. "To have the order of penance conferred on Brigid," said MacCaille. Then orders were read over Brigid, and it was the orders of Bishop that Bishop Mel conferred upon her. And then MacCaille put the veil upon Brigid's head. And from that time hither Brigid's successor is entitled to have Bishop's orders conferred upon her.

Mrs. Atkinson, in her "St. Brigid, Abbess of Kildare," tells of the foundation of various religious communities in this district by the Saint. In those early times nuns not only worked for the religious and secular instruction of the people, but their houses and monasteries were centres of hospitality, which was for ages constantly exercised in Ireland as one of the chief Christian virtues. Brigid, whose charity and benevolence were unbounded, became so intimately connected with the missionary work of St. Mel's diocese "that she has continued to be invoked up to the present day as associated with St. Mel in the patronage of that ancient diocese. She must have remained for a considerable time in Teffia, for several incidents are related as having occurred while she was resident in that part of the country, or engaged in making journeys thence into outlying districts. Thus we read of her going to visit a king living in the

PLAIN OF BREAGH

(the "magnificent plain" in which Tara is situated), for the purpose of obtaining the liberation of a captive. On another occasion she accompanies Bishop Mel to Telltown at a time when a synod of the Fathers of the Irish church was being held at that seat of national assemblies and extensive traffic. Again we find her engaged on a mission to a tribe and territory near Carrickmacross, and when a scarcity of corn caused a distress in her neighborhood, we hear of her proceeding to the plain of the Liffey to seek at St. Ibar's hands the necessary supplies of corn." (Mrs. Atkinson's "St. Brigid, Abbess of Kildare," p 11.)

Seeing that St Brigid is so intimately associated with Ardagh, I wonder if the children there yet keep up the old custom which I have so often seen in the south—that of carrying round on the patron's day a Bridage (or the Virgin Brigid)—a figure dressed to represent St. Brigid, and which the little girls bring from house to house soliciting money for a feast. As St. Stephen's Day and the wren belong to the boys so the little girls always kept St Brigid's feast sacred to themselves.

At a short distance from the ruin of St. Mel's own cathedral a very beautiful new Catholic church now stands, but the cathedral church is at Longford, about four and a half miles distant. This cathedral, which is one of the finest in Ireland, was begun nearly fifty years ago by Bishop O'Higgins, whose work was continued by his successors, Dr. Kilduff, Dr. Conroy, and by the present bishop, Dr Woodlock, who is perfecting the structure by the erection of a magnificent portico which relieves the exterior of the heaviness that rendered it out of keeping with the beautiful proportions and decoration of the interior.

The village of Ardagh itself is one of those model villages of which I have spoken. I do not think there is a single unsightly object about it; its charming cottages are ranged in a semi-circle beside the green, from which gates lead immediately to the ancient cathedral and the Protestant church, both literally embowered in trees, which, as I have remarked, grow here in such perfection. Nothing could be prettier than this village, thanks to the care of the Featherstone family, and nothing could be neater or more tasteful than the manner in which the dwellings are kept. If we but had such landlords

ALL OVER IRELAND,

the saying would not be that I so hate to hear "neat as an English village"—for it is a truth that wherever our people get encouragement and the needful help, they love to have their homes pictures of cleanliness, and if the cottages in general were but designed a little artistically and kept in repair by the landlord, as is here the case, the love of beauty would be found to be quite as strong—to say the least—in the Irish as in any other people. In the prettiest English villages I have seen the chief beauty to consist in the gable fronted houses and the window sashes fitted with diamond-shaped panes, the picturesque style of building, the general cultivation of roses and other flowers (including neatness), and the surroundings of magnificent forest trees, make Ardagh a model village.

The whole of this part of the country—now Longford, East and West Meath, and King's county—is connected with many important scenes in ancient history, pagan and early Christian. A long chapter indeed the stories, real and legendary, relating to these districts would make, and Ardagh itself has many curious legends and traditions which belong to its immediate neighborhood. For instance, the Hill of Golry, one and a half miles to the southwest, should be a place of great interest to all the Ardagh folk, old and young, and the fraughans that grow there should be sought far and wide and eaten upon the first day of August. For in olden times, when the kings of Erinn had four residences in Royal Meath—one at Tara one at Teltown, one at Tlachtga, or the Hill of Ward, near Athboy, and one at the Hill of Uisneach—the monarch had seven prerogatives. These prerogatives were: "To be supplied with the fish of the river Boyne, to eat the deer of Luibnech, the fruit of Manann (isle of Man), the heath fruit of Bri Leith (Hill of Golry), the cresses of the river Brosnach, the water of the well of Tlachtga, the hares of Mass. It was on the calends of August all these were brought to the King of Temair (Tara) And by way of a blessing on the king it was said that the year in which he ate of these did not count in his age, and he defeated his foes on all sides." (O'Curry's Lectures) Now, Brileth was the old name for Slieve Golry, and if its fraughans once possessed such a charm that the year the king ate of them did not count in his age, why should not some of that inestimable blessing remain with the fruit to this day? It is certain that all through the country around numbers live to a very great age. Probably these are the persons who, in their childhood, often went fraughan-picking on Slieve Golry and happened to eat the heath-fruit on the charmed calends of August All the neighborhood, young and old, should certainly have a holiday there at that lucky time, and so, perhaps, the young may never grow old, and the old never decay.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

PARNELL'S POSITION.

[*Pittsburg Irish Pennsylvanian, July 4*]

The fight in Ireland continues with unabated ferocity on the one side, and cool courage and masterful generalship on the other. The result of the Carlow election is not likely to stem the current of popular opinion which no one can deny is flowing steadily towards Mr. Parnell. We ourselves see no reason for deserting that standard around which the manhood of Ireland stands today. Some may assert that the loyalty of the people, but more especially of the young men, may be akin to feverish hero worship. This is mere word painting. We contend that Mr. Parnell is not accountable in any way for the enthusiasm which seems to concentrate itself in his person. The question is not one of personality, but of principle. Remove Mr. Parnell from the scene, and as long as the McCarthyite, or any similarly constructed party exists, so long must the fight go on between unadulterated Celticism and that Celticism which has become rotten through West British influence. Every patriotic Irishman has long ago answered in the negative the question whether Irish parliamentary parties should or should not grovel to any particular English one. It is the veriest bosh to accuse Mr. Parnell of inclining towards a Tory alliance. Even if he did so it cannot be gainsaid that Balfour could hold up his head in the presence of Forster's ghost. Balfour may be as putrid as a rotten egg, but his reputation is actually odorous when compared with that of the defunct Forster. Of the McCarthyites we have no ill word to say, taking them individually. Among them are some of our warmest friends. As a party we hope all Irishmen will regard them warily, until at least they disabuse themselves of the idea that Gladstone is destined to free Ireland. History speaks conclusively, and history tells us that the little that was ever wrung from England by parliamentary agitation was when Ireland's friends regarded with suspicion the bids made for their support by English parties—Whig or Tory.

IRISH CHRISTIAN NAMES.

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, July 30.—I read with much interest your remarks on Irish christian names in last week's issue of THE CITIZEN. I think, however, it is scarcely just to blame Caristianity for imposing the barbarisms now in use among them on the Irish people. It was only at a comparatively recent period most of the Christian names now in use among them were adopted. I venture to say that at the period of Ireland's greatest glory, when she was known to all Europe as the Island of Saints and Doctors, when, as Father Keegan says, the Irish "realized as no other race ever did, the kingdom of Christ on earth," there were not half a dozen Irishmen in existence named after any foreign saint or other personage. The fact is, that while Ireland was free, while her ancient civilization was able to maintain itself, the people held to their national customs and traditions in names as in everything else. It was only in the confusion and demoralization following the overthrow of the ancient independence of Ireland that "cawbogism" got a foothold, and the slavish desire to imitate the manners and adopt the customs of the foreigner began to manifest itself. To prove this one has only to take up the Annals of the Four Masters and turn to the Index Nominum. He will find that prior to the sixteenth century the beautiful and euphonious native names were exclusively in use. An examination of O'Hart's Irish Pedigrees will show a like result. What will prove even more clearly than these authorities that when the Irish were most Christian and Catholic they did not think it necessary to borrow names from Rome or elsewhere—not even to name themselves after the Apostles—is Michael O'Clery's great compilation, "Feilire na Naomh n Erennach," the Calendar of the Saints of Ireland, more generally known as the Martyrology of Donegal. It contains about 2 000 names, and of those now commonly in use there are just two Daniels, one Joseph, one Philip, and one William; these evidently being of foreign birth. There is not a Michael, a James, a Thomas, or, excepting the "noble apostle of the island of Erinn" himself, even a Patrick between its covers! It may be remarked that the baptismal name of the great chief of the Four Masters himself was not Michael. The latter was his name in religion. Before embracing a religious life he was known as Fadhgan t Sleibhe, Teige of the Mountain.

Much mischief has been done in the distortion genuine Irish names have suffered in the effort to Anglicize them. For instance Calbhach, Cormac, Cathal, and Cathaoir are all represented in English as Charlie, which is not any or either of them. Diarmaid, Turlough, Rory, &c, appear as Jeremiah—sometimes Darby, Terence, Roger, and similar abominations.

Of the hosts of Irish saints I find but very few whose names are used to any extent as Christian names in Ireland now. The principal are Patrick, Brighid, Ciaran, or Kieran, and even these are fast falling into disfavor. Apart from the many influences which have been brought to bear to denationalize and degrade our people it must be admitted that in this matter of Christian names the clergy have of late times been much to blame. Practically they insist on parents naming their children after some saint, and as pretty nearly all knowledge of the Irish saints passed away with the native language, a foreign name is chosen. Occasionally a man desires to name a child after one of his ancestors, but if the name be one with which the priest is unfamiliar he is sure to object. I knew an instance in county Westmeath where the priest refused to baptise a child under the name Manus, a name very common throughout Ireland in the old times and even in the early part of this century, and borne by many still living! The priest must have known next to nothing about the history of Ireland, and it is to be feared there are many of his reverend brethren like him.

I am very glad THE CITIZEN has referred to this matter. It is a subject that should be pressed on the attention of our people, especially those at home. The revival of the old names would be a step in the right direction. It is to be hoped that the near future shall witness at least the beginning of such a revival, and that those having christenings on hand will honor themselves and their children by bestowing upon them the names of the venerable saints and glorious gaisgidheachs of ancient Ireland. O'G.

The confidence of people who have tried Hood's Sarsaparilla, in this preparation, is remarkable. It has cured many who have failed to derive any good whatever from other articles. For diseases caused by impure blood or low state of the system it is unsurpassed.

A convention of National League delegates, from various districts in the county, was held in the League rooms at Long ford. The attendance was large.

HIBERNIAN REUNION.

A Pleasant Gathering at South Chicago, in Which Many Irishmen Participate.

Speeches by Several Reverend Fathers and by Messrs. P. O'Sullivan and John J. Fitzgibbon—Prof. McGriskin's Poem.

[*South Chicago Daily Calumet, July 30.*]

Division No. 9, A. O. H., had a great time yesterday afternoon. First of all, commencing at 2 o'clock, the officers for the ensuing year were installed. The proceedings took place at Eigenmann's hall, and the installation ceremony was not concluded until shortly before 4 o'clock, when the doors were thrown open and a receptation and entertainment took place. They were tendered to the state and county officers, who were present. There was a large attendance of the members of the order and their friends and families, and extra seats had to be provided to accommodate them. Refreshments of a suitable character were provided for both ladies and gentlemen. The entertainment was a success in every particular, and more will follow it.

Shortly after 4 o'clock Brother P. O'Sullivan, the president, called the meeting to order, and said it gave pleasure to him, as the newly elected president, to see so many members of the order and their friends and families there that afternoon to tender a reception in honor of the county and state officers of the order, who had come among them that afternoon for the purpose of installing the new officers of Division 8, A. O. H. Under these conditions the division thought it proper to extend to those gentlemen a little courtesy for the inconvenience in which it had, to some extent, placed them. Besides that they wanted to give the visitors an object lesson. They all knew that in the heart of Chicago there were many men who seemed to think that South Chicago was but a rude and crude little suburb of the great city of Chicago. The visiting officers represented a large constituency, owing to their being the state and county officers of the A. O. H. They wanted these officers to leave South Chicago with the impression that it was a representative town, representative of the city, that it was intelligent and progressive, that it had refinement, and chivalry, and beauty, and grace, each of which they saw represented there that afternoon. The entertainment that afternoon was simply a preliminary. Others of a like nature would follow.

Miss Annie Ward, of Valparaiso, Ind., then played in good style upon the piano, "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Hall." She was followed by a recitation from Mr. McGuire, who spoke his lines in good style.

Miss Lillie McCormick, of Hegewisch, then sang sweetly "The Minstrel Boy," for which she was encored, and responded.

Father Rathz, of SS. Peter & Paul's German Catholic church, spoke most eloquently upon "Catholic Societies and American Citizenship."

A song, "Moonlight on the Rhine," came next. The singers were Mrs. P. O'Sullivan and Miss Lulu McCormick. Miss Annie Ward acted as accompanist.

Father Frederick Wiechman sang "Then You'll Remember Me."

Prof. McGriskin, A. M., then recited the following poem, entitled "A Plea for Ireland," composed by himself. His effort was greeted with rounds of applause:

Ye sons of Ireland! still to Erin dear,
The Ancient Order of Hibernians here,
Children of patriots, banished from the soil
Your fathers once enriched with tears and toil;
Children of martyrs, whose blood enriched the sod
Long cursed by man but ever blessed by God;
Today I greet you all—the scattered Gael,
That turn to homes and graves in Innisfail!
Pacific slope and far Australian wild
Have seen the Irishman and nursed his child,
And love of country, like the vestal fire,
The young man guards as reverent as his sire!
Oh, patriotism, divine and human still—
Long long ago upon Jerusalem's hill,
The Savior taught us for all coming years,
And sanctified that virtue in his tears!
Oh, yes, we love the land where every sod
Can claim its victim for the love of God,
Where every spot of earth is sacred clay
That heaven has blessed upon some ancient day,
Where sweat of saints was heaven's richest dew
That gave the shamrock still a richer hue,
And there it blooms above the true and brave
And weeps in silence o'er the hero's grave;
Eternal verdure still shall be their pall
And drape the land, one sacred relic all,
Oh! Ireland, martyr sons have blessed your soil,
'Tis martyr's dust that makes your valleys smile.
Your fields are green with daisies speckled o'er,
Because they dripped with patriot blood before!
The sons of exiles and of martyrs claim
The pride and glory of your ancient name,
And turn, ever faithful to the glorious East,
And bless the name of patriot and of priest;
Yes, turn to thee, and bless with hallowed tears
The hearth and home they have not seen for years,
Measure the space across the ocean's foam,
And learn at last that there's no place like home;
Again recall the innocence and grace,
Of early love in some fond heart and face,
The young man's tale of better days to come,
The old man's silence—times have made him dumb—
He thinks of days with pikes upon the hill,
And all his hopes are 1 the right arm still;
He thinks of freedom's battle once begun,
And fears to leave the issue to the sons!
But fear not aged sire! blood will run
In spite of sword from sire to son.
Thou scattered children of the ancient Gael,
Again I greet you, and I bid you hail!
To faith and freedom, truth and honor true,
Mankind has still its noblest type in you!
Against the blasphemy of wrong and might
You preach the gospel of eternal right,
And round the world in one almighty tone,
The nations join do the chorus, "Hold your own!"
By all the blood that Erin ever shed,
That cries for vengeance on the tyrant's head;
By tears of exiles shed upon the way
To foreign lands, where exiles weep today;
By firesides quenched, and roof-trees overthrown,
Where age and sickness could not hold their own—
By all that man holds dear in head or heart,
Avenge the wrong, and dare to act your part!

Owen Ahern sang a song about a little cabin in Ireland, and sang it well.

Father O'Sullivan then spoke upon the A. O. H., and unity, and made quite a long speech, during which he varied somewhat from the original topic, touched upon ancient history in a racy manner, alluded to the state of affairs in Ireland, and the friendly relations which he said did not exist between England and America. He told something about the long and good record of the A. O. H., and advised it to stay united, for, as Father Rathz had said, in union there was strength.

Father Wiechman made quite a humorous and sympathetic speech. Although of German parentage, he said his interests lay with the Irish, for he was associated with them both in his civil and priestly capacities, and had been raised among them in Philadelphia. If ever any country needed freedom Ireland did.

A recess was then taken for fifteen minutes, after which Mr. Ahern, Mrs. P. O'Sullivan, Miss Wall and Miss McCormick sang.

Mr. J. J. Fitzgibbon was called upon for a few remarks. He responded, amid cheers, by saying that he was more than delighted to meet those assembled there that afternoon for the purpose of sociability, for the purpose of maintaining historic principles, and for the purpose also of sustaining in America a historic order, which had served the cause of Ireland and had done no injury to anyone. (Applause) Indeed he was greatly surprised as well as delighted at the entertainment which had been furnished them that afternoon in South Chicago. They had had song, poetry, and oratory, three distinguishing characteristics of the old historic race from which they came. (Applause). Song and poetry had been imbued in the Irish race for twenty centuries, and the spirit of their song had been thrilling all Europe within our own day, but they all knew that since Demosthene's day and Cicero's time, no men could surpass the men of the Irish race at the bar or on the platform, in defending the cause of civil liberty. They were there that day a fraternal gathering of the Irish race. They had come together as social beings, tied together by bonds of friendship and of love, and they had powers within them, endowments which God Almighty had given them, equal to those of any other people upon the face of the globe. It was no idle boast for him to make that declaration; it was as true as history itself; as true as the gospel. If, under these favorable considerations, under these desirable conditions, at the little gathering that afternoon, so much intellect, so much brain, so much philosophy, in regard to governments, social life and political principles could be expressed, how much more could be expected from a free and independent Irish nation. He said it was a mistake to call the English race Anglo Saxon, but the genius, heroism and intellect of Old Ireland had, unfortunately, helped the Englishman along to the glory and grandeur of his empire. The Irish, with their customs, manners, historic traditions, their physical and intellectual powers and the integrity of their family and social life, peculiar characteristics which distinguish them from other races, and upon which characteristics nationalities are founded and have their being are entitled by God Almighty to be a free and independent nation, except we would make the beneficent Father of us all a contradiction in Himself. They were there that day in South Chicago to attack no race or people. They were a part of this town, or city, he might call it. They wanted to live in fraternity with the Poles, the Swedes, the Germans, and with all other nationalities. They wanted all to participate in the grand system of government which their forefathers built up, and in this connection the blood of the Irish race had given a deeper crimson to the red of the stars and stripes. America was the freest country on earth for men of all religious shades of opinion. They, as Catholics, asked no favors from any class of Americans because they were Americans themselves, their church was freer in America than in any portion of the world, and they intended that it should remain so. Ireland did not belong to any church or creed. It belonged to the Irish race. (Applause). If the Irish nationalists felt disposed to honor the old mother church, and be faithful fighters and faithful followers of that old church and her teachings, he said it was no drawback to them. It only made them still more honorable and better citizens. The Irish national question was a historic one. It had continued for twenty centuries. Its solution meant the liberty of a great race and a great people. It would not detract from their American citizenship to advocate the same rights, the same blessings, and the same freedom for their native land that they enjoy in America. The principles of the American republic were not only to preserve the liberties of Americans, but also to extend those principles until all the other races of mankind should receive their benefits. It would be a good idea to have similar governments established in Ireland, the whole of Europe, or, if they would have it so, over the whole globe. In conclusion, he said he was delighted with the organization for bringing them and their families together in friendship and harmony. It would be wise of the A. O. H. to purchase a piece of property in this town and build a hall upon it. In doing so they could scarcely make a mistake. He knew they would do what they could for the Old Sod, because they were connected with it by ties of blood and kindred stronger than ribs of steel and iron. So long as the old land was in mourning and distress, so long as it was in the grasp of a despotic power, he knew they would do their duty as men and never falter until Ireland was a free and independent nation. (Applause).

Captain W. J. Kinney made a short speech.

Brother Flannigan, county delegate, spoke upon the benefits to be obtained by belonging to the A. O. H.

D Murphy recited "Fontenoy"

Votes of thanks were passed to Misses Annie Ward, Lulu McCormick, Mrs. P. O'Sullivan and Owen Ahern for their efforts, and to Memmesheimer & Keller for the use of the piano.

The meeting closed with the singing of "God Save Ireland."

ATHLETIC NEWS AND NOTES.

Gaelic Sports in Chicago.

The Gaelic Athletic Association held their games at Lincoln and Polk streets last Sunday afternoon. The audience was larger than at previous exhibitions. The games began with a football match between the Wolfe Tones and the Columbias. The latter club had decidedly the best of the game and won easily by seven points. A 100 yard dash followed between M. Walsh and M. Kennedy, the former passing the tape in 10 seconds just a yard ahead of his opponent. The concluding event was a quarter mile dash between the same two contestants. Kennedy succeeded in reversing the former order and won easily by fifteen yards.

Base Ball.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the various clubs in the race for the National League pennant for the week ending July 29:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Chicagos	80	48	32	.600
New Yorks	74	42	32	.568
Bostons	78	44	34	.564
Clevelands	82	41	41	.500
Philadelphias	79	38	41	.481
Brooklyns	78	36	42	.462
Cincinnatis	81	35	46	.432
Pittsburgs	78	31	47	.397

The following are the results of the games played during the week ending July 29:

Thursday—Chicago 2, Cincinnati 4. New York 4, Philadelphia 5. Cleveland 5, Pittsburg 4. Boston 8, Brooklyn 6

Friday—Chicago 11, Cincinnati 7. New York 5, Philadelphia 2. Cleveland 7, Pittsburg 3

Saturday—Cleveland 15, Chicago 14. Pittsburg 0, Cincinnati 1. Brooklyn 15, Philadelphia 2. Boston 3, New York 13.

Monday—Chicago 14, Cleveland 8 Boston 8 New York 3 Brooklyn 3, Philadelphia 10 Pittsburg 10, Cincinnati 1.

Tuesday—Cleveland 3 Chicago 6 Boston 11, New York 5 Pittsburg 0, Cincinnati 4

Wednesday—Pittsburg 2, Cincinnati 8. Brooklyn 5, Philadelphia 4

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Bostons	84	57	27	.679
St. Louis	88	57	31	.648
Baltimores	81	48	33	.593
Philadelphias	83	41	42	.494
Columbus	87	43	44	.494
Cincinnatis	86	37	49	.430
Washingtons	80	27	53	.338
Louisvilles	91	30	61	.330

Thursday—Philadelphia 8, Baltimore 2. Columbus 8, Louisville 6 Cincinnati 4, St. Louis 7. Washington 1, Boston 6

Friday—Columbus 3, Louisville 0. Cincinnati 12, St. Louis 20 Philadelphia 9, Baltimore 5

Saturday—Philadelphia 6 Washington 1. Baltimore 3, Boston 8 Cincinnati 12, Louisville 3 Columbus 4, St. Louis 1.

Sunday—Columbus 4, St. Louis 3 Cincinnati 5, Louisville 9.

Monday—Philadelphia 0, Washington 3. Cincinnati 8, Louisville 2 Baltimore 5, Boston 3. St. Louis 9, Columbus 8

Tuesday—Philadelphia 5, Washington 10. Baltimore 3, Boston 8

Wednesday—Baltimore 8, Boston 2.

CHICAGO CITY LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the City League clubs up to date:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Garden Citys	12	8	4	.667
Whitings	11	7	4	.636
Rivals	11	6	5	.545
West Ends	11	5	6	.455
Brands	11	4	7	.364
Franklins	12	4	8	.333

The games last Sunday resulted as follows: Garden Citys 11, Brands 1. Rivals 10, Whitings 4. Franklins 10, West Ends 5.

Gaelic Athletics in Ireland.

In the final ties for the football championship of Galway, Dunmore defeated Mountbellew by 2 points to 1 point. The game was witnessed by a large and enthusiastic crowd.

A football match between Slane and Rathdrina was played on Rosnaree ground (Meath) recently. The latter is a newly formed club and was not expected to win; they however made a good fight and lost after a great struggle.

At Clonturk park the Belfast Gaelics were defeated by the Dublin Fontenoys in a game of football, by a score of 13 points to nil.

There is a famous Whig athlete in Mullinavat. The *Munster Express* thus describes his "action" in a football game: "P— K—, commonly known as 'Moustache,' otherwise 'Goat Jobber,' is the captain, and his method of fielding is quite laughable. When he runs with the intention of catching a ball the mouth flies open, the moustache projects like bristles, the ears become erect, as the 'pins' bend and the 'croobs' open, but, alas! the ball drops and the poor creature is unable to secure any merit from the spectators but jeers and laughter."

A GRAND COMBINATION.

Fast Time, Perfect Comfort, Absolute Safety.

These are the inducements offered the traveling public by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, one of the youngest and beyond dispute one of the best railways upon the continent. Its Vestibuled Compartment Sleeping Cars, run on through trains, are marvels of elegance, and add to beauty and luxury perfect ventilation, making them the most desirable at all seasons of the year. The Dining Car service is fully up to the best standard, and the entire equipment of the trains of this road is new. W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories.

CHAPTER V.

BARRETT MEETS CROFTON.

Early next morning, his head full of the exciting events of the previous day and night, Patrick Barrett rode out of Killala, intent, notwithstanding the altered aspect of affairs, on punctually keeping a certain critical tryst with Pierce Crofton, of Crofton Park.

Would the latter meet him? Would his own second, Captain Goodwin, be upon the ground at the appointed hour? Would not the grim, absorbing presence of war in the district tend to postpone, at least, a private hostile meeting? Turning over all these questions in his mind he had decided that he, the giver of the challenge, was bound in honor to present himself at the appointed place and hour, duel or no duel.

"It is a personal quarrel," he thought, "and the risk attending its settlement by exchange of bullets—and therefore the call of honor—would not be affected if all the armies in Europe were thundering in battle around us. No shirking or wavering, therefore, and ho for the hill of Liague."

The French officer in command of the town was strongly averse to letting anyone leave it for the time being, as information might be thus possibly conveyed to the enemy; but after some difficulty his scruples were overcome, and Barrett obtained a written pass which enabled him to cross the line of French pickets and get away into the country.

In order to avoid those of the British, which he knew would lie on the direct road, then leading by the river, past the old monasteries of Moyne and Rosserk, he made a detour by Mullafarry, taking for precaution sake to the fields, leaping his horse over ditches and walls in an almost crows' flight course to the place of rendezvous. He knew the country well, having often crossed it in fleet career after the Rappa harriers.

Magnificent time, anyhow," he murmured, consulting his watch as he drew rein on the green hillside of Liague, about half a mile from Ballina. It wanted but a few minutes of 6 o'clock, the hour fixed for the meeting.

Fastening his horse's bridle to a shrub he glanced about for the parties he expected to meet, but in vain; all was tranquillity around, he heard only the twitter ing of birds in the bushes, the whitethorn foliage rustling in the morning air. He proceeded to the hill summit and entered the ancient graveyard surrounding the hoary "Lisc na-manach"—a large rock carven with deeply incised Celtic crosses, or crosses surrounded by circles, venerable relics of St. Patrick's apostolic tour through these parts. Standing beside this historic "rock of the monks," as its name signifies, he cast an admiring look around.

It was a beautiful August morning, and, to the spectator's joy dilated vision, all nature seemed aglow and athrob with a new and rapturous spirit of liberty! Ballina, in the southeastern valley, lay in matin serenity, but the blue haze of smoke denoted that the inhabitants were already astir and expectant; before him, in decreasing squares of green pasture, brown bog, and yellow cornfield, the many hued mosaic landscape stretched away to where, in the eastern mountain chain, the Bearna of Sliabh Gamh yawned like a gap made by giant's sword; in the verdant foreground hollow was the holy well where St. Patrick baptised Eochaidh, son of that fiery Irish monarch, Dathi, who was struck dead by lightning at the foot of the Alps, and also the grave mound of Eochaidh's wife, the Princess Ectra, all lonely on the bank of a brown rivulet; nearer at hand were the gray cyclopean ruins of the church of Kilmore, or converted Druidic temple (as some considered it), where Patrick's disciple, Olcan, had erected the first Christian church on the spot where his axe was miraculously thrown from off his shoulder; southwestward loomed blue Nephin, second in command of "those kindly hills, those loved old hills," the Connacht mountains; and the semi-circle was completed by the rugged heights of Erris and Firbolga.

The undulating green fields around him were spangled with flowers and silvery with dewdrops; the sweet fragrance of clover blossoms floated on the air, bearing to him, as it seemed, a rush of tender emotion, of earnest yearning for the welfare of the old land, of ardent devotion to its cause.

"Hallo, Barrett!" sang out a cheery voice, "so you are here before me. Zounds, man! what a determined fire eater you must be!"

"And admiring the beauties of nature, apparently," continued Captain Goodwin, as he came up and warmly shook the hand of the principal, for he and Barrett were old and intimate friends; "queer time to have an appreciative eye for hills and valleys."

"Yes—when one has the immediate prospect of some cold lead in his system and the back of his head among the buttercups. What of our friends?"

"Crofton is on his way hither. In the meantime I had better hit upon a convenient bit of ground for our purpose—ah! this is a sweet, suitable place on the slope behind us."

"The very ground where Capt. Smith and myself faced each other some months ago."

"I had better measure it, as there is no time to lose. Rather inopportune time for the duello, Barrett; those devils of French may interrupt us any moment. A hot welcome is being prepared for them in town, as you may have seen."

"No, captain," said Patrick, with some hesitation, "I have not been in Ballina for a day or."

"You've lost some of them, Barrett—excitement and panic all round—owners of property wringing their hands in despair, and owners of none exulting in correct proportion—and the devil to pay altogether. Dispatches for reinforcements have been sent off in double quick time to Sligo, to Castlebar, to Ballinrobe, but whether these will arrive in time is another matter. Hullo, here comes our friend Crofton, but, confound it, what a suite he's got with him!"

About a dozen yeomen, members of the Tyrawley Cavalry, came riding up. On reaching the spot some of them dismounted, foremost of whom, in officer's uniform, was Pierce Crofton, who at once seized Barrett by the collar, exclaiming:

"I arrest you as a rebel."

With a sudden spring the young United Man" wrenched himself free, and hurled his would be captor to the sward; but he was immediately pounced upon by three stout yeomen, one of whom, Billy Moran, placed a horse pistol to the prisoner's head.

"Don't move a hair, Misther Barrett," said the burly sergeant, with a diabolical grin, "or you might make my finger onaisy."

"What means this conduct, Crofton?" demanded Capt. Goodwin, sternly. "Is this fitting treatment of a gentlemanly opponent?"

"Scarcely, Captain, I daresay, but fitting enough for a plotting rebel—a traitorous enemy of the king and constitution. Right, men—search the rascal," said the squire, purple with rage, when he had picked himself up and adjusted his disordered dress."

"Mean, cowardly hound," exclaimed Barrett, struggling vainly as the yeos plunged their hands into his pockets.

"Ay, call hard names if you will; I can bear them"

"Especially when they seem applicable," said Capt. Goodwin bitterly. "Crofton, is this your idea of an affair of honor?"

"Honor, quotha!" was the sneering reply, although the speaker winced at the thrust; "no gentleman is bound in honor to exchange shots with a scoundrelly croppy. And as for you, Capt. Goodwin, I should consider that your post as a presumably loyal officer lies at present in yonder town; you seriously compromise yourself by being found here, and in such company."

"How dare you, sir," haughtily exclaimed Goodwin; "an officer of the king's army need not be taught his duty by a contemptible yeoman—one who, from a motive of shabby personal revenge, has the vile taste to come here upon such a mission."

'Fine words, indeed, but the sentiment is much better than the sense—soho!" cried the squire in tones of gloating triumph, holding up a document which Billy Moran had extracted from the captive's pocket, "here is an indisputable certificate of character, a French pass, allowing the bearer out of the town of Killala—probably to act in the capacity of spy! Now what think you of your principal and protege, Captain, from whom, by the way, we may elicit some useful information at the triangle, before we treat him to the rope. Come, men, bring along the croppy; time is flying, and there, as I live, come some of his *sans culotte* friends already!"

On the hill of Lisbadoir, to the eastward were seen, three or four horsemen in blue uniforms, evidently French scouts engaged in reconnoitering Ballina. A bugle note was heard; then a pattering of shots.

Capt. Goodwin, with an air of serious embarrassment, moved away towards his horse, which he had secured at a little distance. Barrett's horse was led up by a yeoman, the prisoner was compelled to mount, and the party rode rapidly away. Debouching by the graveyard *boreen* upon the Barnaderrig road, leading west of the town, they dashed at headlong speed down this steep highway, Moran holding the prisoner's horse by the bridle and yeomen riding on each side with drawn sabres.

They halted not until they reached the barrack gate in Knox's street, which was a scene of bustle and confusion—military and civilians hurrying in various directions; carts laden with furniture jolting against each other in the panic caused haste of their drivers; other carts in course of lading; householders nailing up their windows in vague and breathless attempt at security; and various other striking signs of anticipated trouble and turmoil.

As the prisoner was ordered to dismount he heard near at hand a voice which thrilled him.

"Why should I be afraid, George, dear! Why should I fly while you remain in danger? Surely a lady may rely upon the honor of Frenchmen?"

"The honor of low *sans culottes*, Mabel! No, sister. I must really insist that you leave here at once. In a few minutes, or when the invaders storm it, the place may be a regular pandemonium. You will, therefore, accept the kind invitation of our friend here, the Baron O'Dowda, who offers you the shelter of his cottage at Bunneconlan, where his lady will be delighted to receive you. Now go, dear, at once; your horse is ready and the baron's servant awaits"

"I respectfully beg to second your brother's appeal, Miss Fortescue," said a third voice, with a strong foreign accent. "I shall feel highly honored by your complying."

The last speaker was a local gentleman of Milesian family—namely, Captain James O'Dowd, of Bunneconlan, commonly known as "the Baron." He was the first of the trio to notice the arrival of the prisoner, whom he immediately accosted:

"Mr. Barret—and a prisoner! Can I believe my eyes!"

The expression of surprise was echoed by Miss Fortescue; but her brother, the rector, looked as if he had been prepared for the spectacle.

"Quite a simple affair," said Crofton, malevolently; "he has been prompt in turning rebel, and as promptly shall he be brought to justice."

"A rebel!" cried Mabel Fortescue, with what seemed mingled surprise and horror. "Foul and abominable charge! Say it is false, Mr. Barrett—say it, and I shall believe you."

GAELIC POETRY.

Laoidh Bheaghnuis Mhoir.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Do ráidh mac Luighdheach an áigh,
"Righ Fionn-Lochlann dáil gan gó,
Coisgfiodh mise é dom' láimh,
No dá bh-féadfainn ní bhus mó."

"Earleamh na h-uighe ge teann,"
Do ráidh Diarmuid donn gan ón,
"Coisgfidh mise é do'n Fhéinn
No tuitfead féin air a shon."

"Aisling do chonnaire a reir,"
Ar Faolan fa léir a ceart,
"Righ tíre na bh-feara ngorm
Gur sgaras-sa a cheann 's a cholann."

"Beirigh' beannacht, beirigh' buaidh"
Do raidh Mac Cumhail gruaidh dhearg,
"Maghnus mac Mheidhigh na sluagh
Coisgfead-sa ge mór a fhearg."

Tigid da éis sin an Fhiann,
Teannaid orrtha a n-arm áigh,
Sleagh air gualainn gach fir mhóir,
'S do chuadar rómpa go tráigh.

An oidhche sin dúinn go lá
Nior ghnath linne bheith gan ceol
Fleadh agus fion, eroch is céir
'S é bhi againn féin fá'n ól.

Mar sin duinn do'n dara ló,
Go bh-facam no slóigh re port,
Meirge righ Lochlann an aigh,
Dá thógbháil 'san tráigh ré'r n-ucht.

Iomdha eotán, iomdha triath,
Iomdha agiath is luireach dhearg
Iomdha taoiseach is mac righ,
Ní raibhe laoich dhíobh gan arm.

Iomdha cloidhiomh ndorneihladh n-oir
Iomdha aróid da chúr ré crann
A g-cath fuiteach Fhinn na bh-fiadh,
Dob iomdha sleagh ós ar g-cionn.

Dob iomdha ann clogad cruaidh
Dob iomdha tuath agus ga,
Anns an g-comhrac do bhi ann
Dob iomdha righ agus flaith.

Nochtar Gal-gréine ré crann,
Bratach Fhinn fa leor a d-treas,
Lan do chloshaibh tire 'noir
Dar mo dhóigh fa mór a meas.

Nochtar dhuinn fulang toraidh,
Bratach Ghoill mhóir Mheic Móirne,
Minic fuair an t-sród chrosach
Tús is detreadh fiormhaiseach.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

It was now the prisoner's time to be surprised. His fair interlocutor laid a quivering hand on his arm and gazed appealingly in his eyes. She looked very beautiful that morning, more beautiful even, he fancied, than on the evening she fluttered sensitive bosoms at the rustic ré e, than on the night he beheld her in the fascinating radiance of a ball costume. Her lissome figure appeared to advantage in a close fitting riding dress; her queenly head was jauntily crowned with a broad leaved hat, with dark, sweeping feathers Her blue eyes were bright and eloquent with anxious entreaty as she repeated:

"Say it is false and I shall believe you."

The temptation was great, but for answer he merely shook his head, a motion at which she started with what seemed a cry of pain.

"Why, that is as good as a confession," commented Crofton, who had noticed the strange "situation with a scowl. "Pity a loyal lady should take such interest in a rebel, even though he be unwilling, to cover his guilt with a lie."

"Better end this scene, sister," said the rector gravely.

Miss Fortescue silently embraced her brother, then sprang into the saddle of a horse which a groom was holding in readiness, and rode away, accompanied by an attendant.

"Well, Sir Thomas, how goes the skirmish?" inquired O'Dowda of the Carbineer baronet, who now rode up in company with one of his officers, Major Kerr.

"It is over was the reply; "the French reconnoitering party has retired. I understand our yeomen have wounded two of their men and killed one of their horses. Ha, a prisoner, I perceive—one of the suspects on Reynolds' list."

"Ay, and worse than that, Sir Thomas," said Crofton; "Mr. Barrett's present forte is that of rebel spy; having spent last night in Killala he has returned thence with a French pass in his possession. See," producing the document.

The baronet sternly addressed the prisoner. "Really, sir, you are prompt in welcoming the king's enemies and running your head into the noose. Perhaps, however, we may turn this friendly visit of yours to good account. No doubt you possess pretty wide information as to the plans and resources of this Humbert and his brigands."

"I am not Gen. Humbert's confidante, and must plead ignorance."

"Just the answer I expected; but we will see if we cannot elicit a more satisfactory one. Sir, you are a traitor, a deserter, and a spy, and as such you shall be promptly dealt with by court martial. Secure your prisoner for the present, Capt. Crofton; his fate shall be a wholesome warning to such as he."

With this ominous declaration ringing in his ears—the hangman's noose dangling in prospect before him—Barrett was conducted to a cell in the barrack, a narrow apartment with one barred window out-looking on the square. Crofton, who still commanded the escort, pointed to the triangle which stood in the centre of the area without.

"There," said he maliciously, "is where you shall be made to speak, and to the purpose. With doubly dyed traitors of your sort, in league with the enemy, the cat is made the forerunner of the gibbet. At Boyle is loosened the tongue of your emissary, Reynolds, when the screaming wretch named *you* as one of our chief local rebels; it will likewise loosen yours regarding your friends at Killala."

"Begone, cowardly scoundrel!" was the only reply vouchsafed as the strong door clanged to, and our captive was left to realize at leisure the appalling nature of his position.

How heartily he now repented the fantastic punctillio of honor which had induced him to keep the hostile tryst of the morning! How he anathematized his blindness in expecting manly and chivalrous treatment from such an opponent as Pierce Crofton! And like knife stabs in his heart came thoughts of the acute anguish of his parents and sisters and of Maeve, at the misfortune which had befallen him.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

Unless more care is given to the hair, the coming man is liable to be a hairless animal; hence to prevent the hair from falling use Hall's Hair Renewer.

Deafness Can't be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75 cents.

The Parent of Insomnia.

The parent of insomnia or wakefulness is in nine cases out of ten a dyspeptic stomach. Good digestion gives sound sleep, indigestion interferes with it. The brain and stomach sympathizes. One of the prominent symptoms of a weak state of the gastric organs is a disturbance of the great nerve entrepot, the brain. Invigorate the stomach, and you restore equilibrium to the great centre. A most reliable medicine for the purpose is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is far preferable to mineral sedatives and powerful narcotics which, though they may for a time exert a soporific influence upon the brain, soon cease to act, and invariably injure the tone of the stomach. The Bitters, on the contrary, restore activity to the operations of that all important organ, and their beneficent influence is reflected in sound sleep and a tranquil state of the nervous system. A wholesome impetus is likewise given to the action of the liver and bowels by its use.

Our lady readers will be interested to know something concerning the great sales of Santa Claus soap. The manufacturers, N. K. Fairbank & Co., are justly entitled to rank among the great advertisers of the United States, and are counted among the most liberal patrons of printer's ink in this country.

The Fairbank company is particularly friendly to newspapers as offering the most legitimate means of advertising, and naturally all newspapers are friendly to Santa Claus soap.

It cannot be said, as in the case of some advertisers, that Fairbank has made Santa Claus famous, but it does seem correct to say that Santa Claus has made Fairbank famous.

Santa Claus has been of course, for time out of mind, a household word. It was a happy thought when the Fairbank company seized upon this homelike and familiar name for their very best laundry soap.

Naturally enough the quality of the soap has had much to do with its success, for not even the most extravagant advertising could make a success of a poor article. On the other hand there have been so many poor soaps put upon the market the past few years, that in the beginning many purchasers hesitated to try another new candidate for favor at the wash tub.

Fairbank & Co. are live, wide awake business men, and they knew just how good housekeepers felt on the soap question. So they not only set about to manufacture the very best soap that could be made, but they inaugurated a most earnest and honest system of advertising. No "fakes" or "schemes" have been employed to introduce Santa Claus soap on the market. The brand was brought into notice by straightforward and legitimate methods, and has constantly gained in public favor because of the excellence of the article itself. The manufacturers can congratulate themselves upon such a success. We are informed that the sales of Santa Claus soap have increased enormously this year, and far above the average rate. No doubt a great share of the increase in this neighborhood is due to the fact that Santa Claus soap has been well advertised in these columns.

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS AROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. It's arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 11.

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

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TALK WITH DONNELLY.

Views of the President of the Minnesota Alliance.

THE SCHEME TO CORNER WHEAT.

The Whole Thing Comes from a Few Men and the National Organization Is Not Mixed Up in It—Farmers Disposed to Rush Their Wheat into Market as Soon as Threshed—How Funds Could Be Raised.

HASTINGS, Minn., July 28.—A correspondent interviewed the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, president of the state Farmers' Alliance of Minnesota, at his home. Mr. Donnelly said:

"What do I think of the scheme of the Farmers' Alliance to corner the wheat crop of the United States, so as to put up prices? Well, in the first place, I don't understand that the Farmers' Alliance has any such scheme. I think the whole thing comes from a few men—worthy men, no doubt, and zealous—but I do not understand that they have any authority to speak for the Farmers' Alliance organization, and I am very sure that the state Alliance of Minnesota has never had anything to do with the matter. The fact is, the more powerful and numerous the membership of the Alliance becomes the greater is the temptation for outside interests to use it for their own profit, and the greater is therefore the necessity that those who really represent it should be careful, conservative, and honest men. If half a dozen men can control the time when 100,000,000 bushels of wheat shall be sold and the price it is to bring they will wield a power greater than that of all the bulls and bears in Chicago and New York put together—a power almost boundless with which to enrich themselves and ruin others.

Makes a Suggestion.

"Do you argue, therefore, that the farmers ought not to combine to control the price of wheat?"

"Not at all. But I claim that whatever is attempted in that direction should only be done after the fullest and most careful deliberation and with the most complete organization. I would suggest that at the time of holding the People's party's national convention, Feb. 22 next, an organization might be effected embracing all the Farmers' alliances of the United States. Each state Alliance should elect a committee of its wisest and most honorable men, and these in turn might elect a national committee. Then the latter committee should elect officers. The duty of these officers should be to organize a system of collecting statistics of all crops raised in the current year in the whole world, and they should issue monthly bulletins giving in cipher information to their members as to the condition of the crops from month to month, with their views as to the prices that could be reasonably demanded for the same and suggestions as to the proper time to sell, so as not to overstock the markets. The local Alliances could elect reliable men to make reports every month to the central committee as to the amount of grain, cotton, etc., on hand and the condition of the growing crops. To save postage a small newspaper could be issued monthly in which the information collected could be published, but in such a way that it would be unintelligible except to the secretaries of local Alliances, who would, in secret meetings, read it to the members for their information and guidance."

Weeding Out Process.

"Could you get honest men to carry out such a scheme?"

"I think we could. There is a gradual process of weeding out going on in all the Alliances. The men who can see nothing in the movement but a chance to fill their pockets will be pushed aside. The producers are much in earnest, and there is no reason why they should not be just as shrewd and capable of self-government as the non-producers."

"Would not such an organization, if it was successful, put up the price of food beyond all reasonable limits and starve the consumers?"

"That question illustrates the necessity there would be for such a national council or congress as I have described of the best men of the several states. I have heard men talk wildly about putting up wheat to $5 a bushel. That is nonsense. It means $25 a barrel for flour. Such a policy would rapidly defeat itself, for it would force the production of immense quantities of wheat by the semi-serfs of Russia and the ryots of India, to whom an organization could not extend, and in a little while we would find the wheat interests of the United States permanently ruined.

May Grow Too Confident.

"What do you think will be the effect of the present effort to induce the farmers to hold their wheat?"

"Its immediate effect will be good. The farmers are too much disposed to rush their wheat into market at once; many of them are in debt and have to, and this is taken advantage of by the sharpers, and they break down the price. Now a great many of the farmers will let their grain stand in the stack and go on with their plowing, present supplies will be exhausted, the bears will be ruined, and speculation discouraged for the future. The danger is that the farmers may grow too confident and enthusiastic and hold on too long and a break in price come. Then they will charge up their losses to the Alliance, and the organization will suffer.

"Where would you get the funds to carry on such a bureau of statistics as you have described?"

"One-quarter of 1 cent per bushel on every bushel of wheat would give us a vast fund, with which we could reach to all parts of the world, and when you convince the farmers that by giving a quarter of 1 cent they can make 10, 20 or 50 cents per bushel there will be no difficulty in raising all the funds you need."

Progress of the Carpenters' Union.

PHILADELPHIA, July 28.—General Secretary McGuire, of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, has just completed his tenth annual report. After referring to the founding of the organization by a handful of delegates at Chicago who represented but twelve local unions with a membership of 2,042, Secretary McGuire calls attention to the fact that there are now 797 local unions, with a membership of 81,394, of whom 58,000 are active. He also says that in forty-two cities the men work only eight hours a day, in 331 they work nine hours, and in hundreds of others shorter hours prevail on Saturdays—all this giving work to 9,200 more men.

THE FITZ JOHN PORTER CASE.

What the Official Records of the Rebellion Have to Show.

WASHINGTON, July 28.—Another phase of the controversy over General Fitz John Porter has just come up. It will be recalled that General Grant's letter vindicating Porter was the main factor in inducing congress to restore Porter to his old rank. Senator Hoar and many others said that if Grant was satisfied of Porter's innocence they did not care to examine further. General Grant said in his letter that the information he had received satisfied him that there was no battle in progress Aug. 29, 1862, which was the day when Porter was ordered to advance. The entire Grant letter and the subsequent action of congress was therefore based on the idea that there was no fighting which could be called a battle Aug. 29.

Ten Thousand Killed That Day.

But the official records of the rebellion which are now being published by the war department are said to put an entirely new phase upon the Fitz John Porter case. These records show that there was not only fighting on Aug. 29, but that 10,000 men were killed. The records are exhaustive, coming from officers of every rank from the highest to the lowest. They are said to set aside the mass of conflicting unofficial testimony which was given when the case was before congress and when General Grant wrote his letter, and to establish finally that there was a fearful battle in progress at the time Fitz John Porter was ordered to advance. The showing of the rebellion records is good only from a historical standpoint, as it could not now be used to affect the standing of the restored officer.

ARMS FOR THE INSURGENTS.

Hundreds of Rifles Packed in Bales of Hay.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 28.—Despite the vigilance of the authorities after they were hoodwinked by the sailing of the Robert and Minnie, large amounts of arms and ammunition have been sent from here to the Chilian insurgents. It was learned Tuesday that in the cargo of the Montserrat, which sailed May 15 for Iquique, were 534 bales of hay, many of which contained from six to ten Remington and Winchester rifles. E. T. Anthony, who compressed the hay in order to pack it in the smallest space, said he noticed the bales contained other articles, but he was hired simply to compress it. The statement about the secreting of rifles is made on the authority of R. A. Wendt, a stevedore. He declares that other supplies sent to Chili also contained about 800 stand of arms and 3,000,000 rounds of boxed ammunition.

DEAD IN FIFTEEN MINUTES.

A Queer Disease Which Is Killing Off Cattle in Lawrence County, Ills.

SUMNER, Ills., July 28.—"Will there be a beef, milk and butter famine?" are the words heard on every side in Lawrence county and the surrouding district. Never before in such a short time has this section lost so many cattle, and the number is increased, doubled and redoubled every week until it has become necessary that the killing and selling of cattle from this district be prohibited unless the disease is checked. Inspectors have been asked for, and each beef will be inspected before allowing it to be retailed by butchers. Last week 100 cattle died within a range of six miles south of this city. In fifteen minutes after the disease seizes the cattle they are dead. The nature of the disease has never been thoroughly explained.

Escaped from the Military Prison.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., July 28.—Four convicts in the military prison at Fort Leavenworth escaped Monday morning by tunnelling under the east wall of the prison and crawling out of a small hole. Among the four was the base ball pitcher, Lucas, who made his third successful attempt to escape since his incarceration in the guardhouse some months ago. The tunnel under the prison wall was probably made Sunday. A large sewer running parallel with the wall offered concealment, and with crowbars they dug their way through the sewer and under the wall and escaped.

They Kept Sunday at Hartford.

HARTFORD, Conn., July 28.—Not for a dozen years has Hartford appeared as it did Sunday. With a few exceptions the Sunday law was enforced. Fruit stores and cigar stores were closed tight and drug stores refrained from selling confectionery and cigars. The movement for the enforcement of the Sunday law began ten days ago with a petition signed by merchants asking the chief of police to close the Italian fruit stores. The order was issued and the Italians took a forced holiday a week ago Sunday. They determined to retaliate with the result noted above.

Novel Method of Suicide.

BERLIN, July 28.—Alexander Masser, living in Fischer strasse, this city, committed suicide in a novel manner. He sat down on the window sill in the fourth story of the house, opened several veins with a razor, fired three shots into his head and fell to the pavement. He was dead when picked up, but it could hardly be stated with certainty whether death was caused by the bullets or the fall. In case either had failed to prove fatal the man would probably have died from loss of blood.

Terrible Crossing Accident.

ELMIRA, N. Y., July 28.—A peculiarly distressing accident occurred Monday evening about 6 o'clock at a crossing of the Erie road near Eldridge park, in which four persons were killed and two so seriously injured that death is expected at any moment. The killed were: The Rev. Wellington White; Lillian White, aged 9 years; Hattie Hastings, aged 9 years; Susie McCarthy, aged 12 years. The fatally injured are; Mrs. White and a child 2 years old.

Made an Assignment.

MICHIGAN CITY, Mich., July 28.—The Hopper Lumber and Manfacturing company of this city has made a voluntary assignment to W. B. Hutchinson for the benefit of its creditors. The firm was a wholesale dealer in lumber and manufactured refrigerators. The assets and liabilities have not been made public, so that the extent of the crash cannot be estimated.

An M. P. Suspended for a Week.

LONDON, July 28.—H. J. Atkinson, Conservative member of parliament for Boston, has been suspended for one week from the commons for charging the speaker with abuse of authority in having placed on the records the statements that he, Mr. Atkinson, had challenged the declared result of divisions frivolously.

THEIR HEADS CUT OFF.

Two Men Executed by the Guillotine in Paris.

TERRIBLE STRUGGLES OF BERLAND.

Disgraceful Scenes Enacted by the Mob Which Surrounded the Place of Execution—Two Excursion Trains Come Together in France with Frightful Effect—Fifty Persons Killed and a Large Number Injured—Other Foreign News.

PARIS, July 27.—Dore and young Berland, the Courbevoie murderers, were put to death at 5 o'clock Monday morning on the Place de la Roquette. The scene at the guillotine was an exciting an horrible one. Berland fought the prison guards and the executioner's assistants like a demon, pounding, tearing and scratching them every foot of the way from the condemned cell to where the shadow of the great knife fell upon the still struggling group. Even after the miserable wretch had been forced into a recumbent position he made furious efforts to break away. The united efforts of the three assistants were necessary to hold the young murderer still long enough to permit of the executioner doing his duty. When the blade finally rushed downward it did so to send out of the world one who left it shrieking, cursing and struggling to the last. Dore submitted quietly to his fate.

The First Morning Scenes.

An enormous crowd gathered in and about the Place de la Roquette long before sunrise Monday morning; indeed many of the depraved throng slept all night on the sidewalks and even in the streets, in order that they might be certain to see everything possible of the events of the day. Three hundred policemen on foot, 250 infantrymen and 100 mounted officers surrounded the guillotine. Dore was asleep when the guards entered his cell to lead him to the place of execution. When awakened he appeared stolid and different. He thanked the prison officials for the manner in which they had treated him, but turned his back upon the priest who attempted to administer spiritual consolation. When he arrived upon the scaffold of the guillotine, Dore faltered and seemed dazed. He was promptly thrown under the knife and died without a movement.

A Morbid Mob.

Berland was also asleep when the time arrived for him to leave his cell. His manner was one of bravado. Turning to the officers who were waiting for him to finish his toilet, he remarked: "There is no more card playing for me." He then gave expression to his deep resentment at his mother being reprieved. He walked jauntily out of his cell, and maintained his air of bravado until he saw the guillotine. Then began the fearful struggle already described. No sooner had the heads of the murderers rolled into the basket than the crowd surged forward and with a mighty rush broke through the cordon of soldiers and policemen stationed around the guillotine. This accomplished, there began a disgusting scramble among the vile mob for an opportunity of gloating over the horrible scene.

EXCURSION TRAINS WRECKED.

Frightful Collision in France—Fifty Persons Lose Their Lives.

PARIS, July 27.—A collision between excursion trains occurred at St. Mande Sunday night, in which fifty persons were killed and three carriages wrecked. Both trains were returning from a musical festival at Fontenoy. The second train crashed into the preceding train before the latter had left the St. Mande station. The guard van and the three rear carriages of the fast train were wrecked and caught fire from the gas. The injured occupants were shrieking in despair and the other passengers hurriedly left the train and assisted in extricating the victims. Soldiers also aided the fire brigade to quench the flames and rescue the sufferers. The work of helping the injured was carried on by torchlight.

Victims Terribly Mutilated.

A dispatch from St. Mande at 1 o'clock says that 100 persons were injured and that forty-nine dead bodies have been recovered, including those of two children who were mangled beyond recognition. Most of the dead victims are legless, their limbs having been crushed off through the jamming together of the seats. Fully 20,000 on-lookers were at the scene. Many relatives of the victims were assembled at the railway station, and heartrending scenes were witnessed as the victims were extricated from the wreck. The driver and fireman of the second train were burned alive. It is reported that the station master has gone mad and decamped.

Wanted to Fight the Kaiser.

BERLIN, July 27.—A man named Guereler recently arrived in this city from New York with the avowed intention of challenging the emperor to fight a duel. Guereler's relatives, who are people in an influential position, caused him to be closely watched by detectives. They have finally placed him in an insane asylum.

Spent His Life Catching Spiders.

LONDON, July 27.—The natural history museum at Kensington has received a novel addition to its shelves, in the shape of 10,000 spiders. The insects were bequeathed to the institution by the late Count Keyserling, who spent a good part of his life in collecting them.

Will Celebrate O'Brien's Release.

LONDON, July 27.—Arrangements have been completed for the lighting of bonfires on the hill tops for long distances in Ireland on the night of the release from prison of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien.

Tom Cannon Thrown by Abt.

BERLIN, July 27.—Carl Abt, the German champion wrestler, and Tom Cannon, the American, met Saturday night in a match for the championship of the world. Cannon was defeated.

Burned His Dynamite Book.

WASHINGTON, July 27. — Professor Lester F. Ward, of this city, has received word that the Russian edition of his work entitled: "Dynamite Sociology," has been burned by order of the council of ministers in Russia. The edition consisted of 1,200 copies of the first volume, the second not having been issued, although it has been translated. The publisher's loss is estimated at 3,000 rubles. Professor Ward gave Nicholsey permission over a year ago to translate the book into Russian, and does not yet know what it is that the Russian government finds so bad it in.

PEACE IN TENNESSEE.

The Miners Will Not Molest the Convicts and Their Guards.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., July 27.—At 2 o'clock Friday afternoon the miners' committee met in a room at the Lamar House and in half an hour the Coal Creek trouble was ended. Resolutions were adopted by the miners to the effect that the guards and convicts are not to be molested on their return to the mines, the miners "reposing confidence in our governor and believing the general assembly, when they meet in extra session, will give us the necessary relief from the oppression that now hangs over us."

Troops Depart for Home.

The militia at College hill was drawn up at dress parade at 6 o'clock Friday evening and orders read releasing it from strict discipline. The orders were received with tumultuous cheering, for the troops did not relish a week or two in the mountains. The fourteen companies left for their homes Saturday morning on a special train. The convicts were removed to Briceville and Coal Creek Saturday morning.

LEGAL EXECUTION IN GEORGIA.

Charles M. Ozburn Hanged in the Jail at Atlanta.

ATLANTA, July 24.—Charles M. Ozburn was hanged here Friday for the murder of John M. Bradley on May 5, 1890. The drop fell at twenty-two minutes to 1 o'clock. The execution took place in the county jail before about forty witnesses. Ozburn was a commission merchant of this city. He stood well and was highly connected. He had a dispute with Bradley about a barrel of potatoes which he had sold him and on which Bradley claimed there was 54 cents overcharged. Ozburn went to Bradley's store and shot him dead. Desperate efforts were made to prevent the execution; an appeal being made to the legislature Thursday to interfere in behalf of Ozborn. But the legislature refused to do so. Friday morning the governor finally refused to relieve the prisoner a second time.

BOTH RUNNING AT FULL SPEED.

Four People Killed in a Railway Wreck in Colorado.

DENVER, July 24.—The narrow gauge east bound express from Salida, on the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, collided with the broad gauge Salt Lake express going west, a few miles from Carlisle, early Friday morning. The trains were running at full speed and were heavily loaded. The engine and front coaches of both trains were completely wrecked, and four persons were killed. The killed are: George A. Ardell, engineer; A. H. Parros, conductor; C. M. Cole, express messenger, and a tramp unknown.

Statistics of the Copper Industry.

WASHINGTON, July 27.—The census office has issued a bulletin on the copper production of the United States showing that for the year 1889 this country was the largest producer of copper in the world, the product for the world being 226,055,962 pounds. The total expenditure involved in this production was $12,062,180, of which there was paid in wages $6,096,025; in salaries $120,896; to contractors $334,443; for materials and supplies $4,067,970; and for taxes, rent, etc., $1,442,846, the total capital invested being $62,633,228, and the total employes, exclusive of office force, 8,721. Montana produced 98,223,444 pounds; Michigan, 87,445,675; Arizona, 31,536,185; New Mexico, 3,686,137; and Colorado, 1,170,053.

Minister Lincoln's Daughter Betrothed.

LONDON, July 27.—The announcement was made Saturday that Miss Mary Lincoln, eldest daughter of the United States minister to Great Britain, Mr. Robert T. Lincoln, has entered into an engagement to marry Mr. Charles Isham of New York. The wedding will be solemnized in this city during the coming autumn. The prospective bridegroom was formerly private secretary to Mr. Lincoln. The announcement has been received with the greatest satisfaction by the American colony in London as furnishing a refreshing exception to the almost universal practice of American ladies abroad of mating with members of English or continental aristocratic families.

Seven Children Drowned.

QUEBEC, July 27.—A dispatch received from Seven Islands on the Lower St. Lawrence, reports the drowning of seven children, Alfred, Joseph, Marie, Louise and Cecile Montgomery and Marmed and Marguerite Pouras. Details have not been received, but it is stated that a little boy only 7 years old, who was in the party showed extraordinary courage and succeeded in saving one of his companions, a little girl 8 years old. Five of the bodies have been already recovered.

Negro Colony in Mexico.

WASHINGTON, July 27.—An association called "The American Colored Men's Mexican Colonization company" is planning to establish a colony of negro farmers, coming chiefly from the states of Mississippi and Tennessee, in the state of Sonora, Mexico, and it has arranged for the purchase of a tract of 100,000 acres, about twenty miles south of Yuma, A. T., on the Southern Pacific railway.

Governor Boies' Letter of Acceptance.

DES MOINES, Ia., July 27.—Governor Boies' letter accepting the Democratic nomination was given to the press Saturday. The issues of the campaign are discussed at considerable length. Special stress is laid on prohibition and the tariff, but the letter is somewhat non-committal on free and unlimited coinage of silver, which was indorsed by the Democrats at the Ottumwa convention.

Mountain Fires in California.

SAN JOSE, July 27.—The mountain fires which have been raging around the Lick observatory on Mount Washington have been materially checked and no further danger to the observatory is apprehended. The fire fighters by digging a trench succeeded in changing the course of the flames.

Discovered an Ancient Vessel.

NEWPORT, R. I., July 27.—Divers from the torpedo station have discovered in the outer harbor the remains of an ancient sunken vessel, supposed to be at least 100 years old, from which they have taken a couple of guns. They have buoyed the vessel for further search.

Pennsylvania's Wheat Crop.

HARRISBURG, July 27.—Secretary Edge of the state board of agriculture issued a bulletin Saturday showing the condition and prospects of the season's crops. He says wheat will be the largest crop for a number of years, and may be safely estimated at 22,500,000 bushels.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

At Centerville, Wis., the safe in the grist mill was broken open and $300 in cash taken.

Will Davis, a phosphate miner, was buried alive at Obrine, Fla., by the caving in of a pit, and before assistance could be procured was smothered to death.

The wheat in sight amounts to 12,472,214 bushels, an increase for the week of 666,407 bushels.

Howard Cunningham of Knoxville, Ia., has sold the trotting stallion Advance (4,212) to a Mr. Nuttall of Michigan for $25,000.

The strike of the railroad employes in Paris has collapsed. Most of the men have already resumed work, though some stations and workshops are still guarded by troops.

Patrick Suzor fell from a pile of telegraph poles at Monroe, Mich., striking his head against a steel rail and was killed.

Hartwell Glanton, of Huntington, Ind., was thrown from a delivery wagon and instantly killed.

It is said that the five leading hotels at Saratoga take in an aggregate of $2,000,000 a month during the busy season.

The poundmaster at Oakland, Cal., sold at auction for $12 an estray horse that proved to be a thoroughbred trotter, valued at $4,000.

A Connecticut man has gone into the business of propagating sewer rats. He sells their skins to "kid" glove manufacturers.

Recent observations with the Lick telescope of the shadow of one of Jupiter's satellites are said to show that the tiny moon itself is double.

The British Columbia fleet secured 17,800 sealskins in the waters of Behring sea up to June 30.

A man named Dausser, who for many years had been in receipt of aid from charitable societies, died recently in Berlin, and 60,000 marks in notes and cash has been found hidden in the filthy room where he lived. The city of Berlin will receive the money.

The body of an unknown man was found in the Wisconsin woods, north of Rhinelander. He is supposed to have lost his way and perished of hunger.

John A. Roebling & Sons' wire mill at Trenton, N. J., was damaged $40,000 by fire. Insured.

Twenty-five northwestern Iowa shippers have decided to sue the Northwestern Railroad company to return money paid as discriminating rates during a term of years.

Peter Pascoe, Jr., and James Dower, Jr., were suffocated by smoke in the burning mine at Marquette, Mich.

Fire destroyed the shingle mill of S. & J. C. Atlus, at Fort Madison, Ia. Loss, $30,000; no insurance.

Mary Gasson was discharged from the Madison, Wis., city hospital, having been cured of consumption by Koch's lymph.

Kansas Alliance men are advocating Senator Peffer for the presidential nomination by the People's party.

Advices received from Chile say President Balmaceda has had shot at Valparaiso Richard Cumming, the son of an Englishman, who was born in Chili. The prisons are filled with sufferers, without respect to age, class, or sex.

A bill reducing duties on raw sugar, petroleum, tea, rice and tallow has passed the first reading in the Argentine chamber of deputies.

Ted Martindale and Miss Blanche Spencer of Hillsdale, Mich., were capsized while boating. Martindale was drowned. Miss Spencer, after clinging to the boat for an hour, was rescued.

John Morley, M. P. for New Castle-on-Tyne, is reported to be so disgusted over the Irish business that he will soon retire from political life.

A German girl who arrived in New York last week to marry an old lover on meeting him refused to keep her promise, declaring that she never thought he was so homely.

A Lawrence, Kan., drug store window is ornamented with two native leeches, which measure a foot each in length, and have, combined, a blood capacity of one gallon.

There is an absolute potato famine in some parts of Maine, and the people have eaten no potatoes for several weeks, the old crop having been exhausted and no new ones imported.

Frank Vincent of New York, the African explorer and author, contemplates a trip around Africa and into Asia, Russian Turkistan and Persia.

J. A. Vail, bookkeeper at the West Park window glass works, Findlay, O., has disappeared with $21,000 of the company's money.

At Topeka, Kan., two boys, Ralph Wilkerson and Clarence Jones, aged 9 years, were drowned.

W. H. Halliburtin, one of the oldest wholesale drug firms at Little Rock, has made an assignment. The preferences amount to $46,110.

The only countries now outside the universal postal congress are Cape Colony and the South African republics.

There are 64,391 postoffices in the United States, an increase of 2,000 offices during the last year.

The treasury department has sent the first lot of continued 4½ per cent. bonds to the Fulton National bank of Lancaster, Pa.

The output of pigiron in the United States for the first half of 1891 was 3,371,025 gross tons, against 4,560,213 tons in the first half of 1890.

Baltimore packers deny that a trust has been formed in the canned tomato industry.

Jay Gould passed through Chicago Wednesday on his way to Idaho Springs, Colo.

Lieutenant Colonel J. E. Tourtelotte, formerly General Sheridan's chief of staff, died in his home at LaCrosse, Wis.

The clothing of little Kate Lansberg, of Fostoria, O., caught fire from a bonfire in her father's yard. The child burned to death.

Lightning struck the house of Jeremiah Carson at Huntington, Neb., injuring Mr. Carson, his wife and child, the latter fatally.

While driving home the wagon of Searle Hill, of Baldwin, Wis., was struck by lightning. Mr. Hill was killed and his two sons fatally injured.

The firm of George W. Fowler & Son, of Kansas City, owners of the big packing plant, has been reorganized and hereafter will be known as the George W. Fowler Sons & Co., limited.

John McLean & Co., dealers in wholesale millinery and fancy goods at Montreal have assigned with liabilities of $381,222.

New York city has convicted its first man for renting a house for an immoral purpose. His name is Samson Wallach, and he is spending thirty days in the Tombs. He spent $3,000 to escape.

Abel Ady, recently graduated from Wesleyan university, Delaware, O., will sail from San Francisco on the first vessel to Valparaiso, to enter the service of the Chilian insurgents.

Lucas Harmsen, a farmer aged 55, committed suicide by shooting himself at Averisel, Allegan county, Mich.

The health of Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon shows a shade of improvement.

General Greeley has been invited to attend a meeting of the international Polar conference in Munich Sept 7.

Count Solm's iron foundry at Lorenzdorf has been destroyed by fire. She loss is about 1,500,000 marks.

William Watson, a colored preacher of Bloomington, Ills., and Samuel Shropshire, also colored and of the same place, were fined $55 each for keeping disorderly houses.

At Milton, Iowa, a man named Crump probably fatally stabbed E. E. Gaston in a quarrel.

It is said that Judge Allen G. Thurman is failing fast. He takes no exercise and reads far into the night. Since his retirement from public life he has grown old rapidly.

S. P. Mandeville, representing a syndicate of Chicago and St. Louis capitalists, has bought 400 acres of land in Pomona (Cal.) valley, upon which the largest fig orchard in the world will be set out.

John R. Johnson was arrested at Council Bluffs, Ia., by the sheriff of Shelby county on the charge of eloping with his wife's sister.

The governor of South Dakota will call an extra session of the legislature providing two-thirds of the members will agree to vote for a World's fair appropriation bill.

Edward Snay, while unloading saw logs from a car at Bay City, Mich., was struck by a log and his neck broken. The body was carried into the river, but afterward recovered.

While Mrs. Orbaugh and Miss Mamie Hand were passing along Main street, in Chillicothe, O., Ed Fisher, a professional masher, made some slighting remark, whereupon both women attacked and beat him unmercifully.

Frederick C. Havemeyer, organizer of the Havemeyer sugar refinery in Brooklyn, is dying at Throg's Neck, N. Y.

The strike at the Allegheny Bessemer steel works in Duquesne, Pa., has been formally declared off.

At Shamokin, Pa., the Henry Clay, Big Mountain, Buck Ridge, Stirling, Peerless, and Burnside colleries were flooded by rain. Damage, $25,000.

Austin Gibbons refuses to sign articles for a fifteen-round fight with Jack McAuliffe, insisting on a finish or none at all.

Robert McGreevy testified at Ottawa, Can., that his brother, Thomas McGreevy, M. P., had received $190,000 for his influence in securing public works contracts.

Thirteen gravel cars were derailed near West Bend, Wis., on the Northwestern road. While the wrecking train was at work on the debris a freight train ran into the wreck. Nobody was seriously hurt.

At Minneapolis the mayor has issued an order forbidding prize fights, boxing matches, and sparring contests of any sort in that city.

The report of Railroad Commissioner Peterson for 1890 shows the gross earnings of the Wisconsin roads to have been $36,451,564.81, and the total expenses $16,737,745.20. Four passengers were killed during the year.

Misses Anna Dean and Mary Doran of Detroit, are reported to have been cured of long-standing diseases by praying at the shrine of St. Anne De Beaupre, in Quebec.

Campbell & Elliott's cotton and woolen mill, in Philadelphia, was burned. Loss, $600,000, insurance, unknown. Over 450 persons are thrown out of employment.

The first new wheat of this season was marketed at Holland, Mich., and was bought at 85 cents per bushel. The quality was all of the very best.

While at work in the Horn coal mine at Duquoin, Ills., Frank Jenks, colored, was instantly killed by falling slate.

The tower of a church which was in course of erection at Szalatina, Hungary, fell, killing sixteen of the workmen.

At Mondovi, Wis., Postmaster Charles H. Halverson, has been arrested for the embezzlement of $2,000.

The Central Illinois Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union encampment and fair will be held at Virginia, Ills., Aug. 3 to 8 inclusive. There will be a greater number of speakers of national reputation than at any similar celebration held in this section.

The San Francisco board of health refuses to admit Chinamen to the city hospital.

The East Street car shops at Springfield, O., have been sold to the Cleveland Car company, in which Chicago capitalists are interested. The price was $300,000.

The Rev. James Mayer, formerly a preacher in the Free Methodist church at Arcola, Ills., pleaded guilty to selling liquor without a government license at Springfield, Ills., and was fined $200 and costs.

The Cobden prize of $300 offered for the best economic essay in England this year was carried off by a woman, Miss Victorine Jeans, of Manchester.

It is said that of 489 men who bore the title of general in the Confederate service only 184 are left. G. T. Beauregard is the sole survivor of those who held the highest rank, that of full general.

The great herds of cattle in southern and eastern Oregon are being bought up and there is likely to be an advance in prices.

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which developes ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How can it be cured? By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. For all affections of the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled, and some of the cures it has effected are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula in any of its various forms, be sure to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 1, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.

Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"The County Fair."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.

Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"The Soudan."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.

Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"Sinbad; or the Maid of Balsora."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Charles Frohman's Company.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"Tuxedo," by Thatcher's Minstrels.

AMPHITHEATRE.

Cottage Grove avenue and Sixty-first street.—Pain's great spectacle, "A Night in Pekin"; Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.

Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.

Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

THE GREAT ANGLO-AMERICAN FLUNKEY.

An Anglicized American is a poor spectacle before the world, when he has just sufficient debauched talent to command, if only for a brief space, its attention. Mr. G. W. Smalley, the journalistic chestnut who does the correspondence of the New York *Tribune* from London, is, perhaps, the premier Anglo-American flunkey of the present day. He knows the history of this country, no doubt, and he also knows that America, under God, George Washington, and the Continental Congress, owes her liberty to the generous intervention of France in the days of the Revolution. Yet, because England, at this moment, is hostile to the French Republic, and courts the alliance of its foes, this shameless man has the effrontery to attack his country's benefactor in the following words, which were telegraphed from the English capital to his paper on the 25th inst:

"It is remarkable how peaceable is the atmosphere of Europe while the German emperor is cruising among the fiords of Norway. If there be any sound ominous of war hereafter it comes from a little further east, from the waters of the Gulf of Finland. The King of Servia is on his way to the Russian court and a French fleet has actually visited Cronstadt. The music of the hated and prohibited Marseillaise has been heard in Russian waters. The Czar welcomes the messengers of the republic which in his soul he detests. If there were any public opinion in that social desert called Russia, that, too, might express itself in terms of civility to France. The Russian press expresses nothing but what Russian censorship permits it to express. It is allowed on this occasion to utter sentiments of good will to the only great power in Europe which is outside the triple alliance and hostile to that policy of peace and of things as they are which inspired and maintained that alliance. It is not likely to change in the least the existing relations between France and Russia. France will continue to be a suppliant for that alliance which Russia will continue to deny to its prayers. French papers talk of a natural alliance. It may be natural; it is not political, nor in Russian eyes even politic. The Pan-Slavist party looks forward to the time when France may be useful to Russia, and knows that when such a time comes its military co operation may be had on such terms as it may then suit Russia to exact. It will be a combination for war, a conspiracy against the status quo, just as completely as the triple alliance is a league of peace. There are plenty of hot headed people in both countries who would be glad if the French and Russian cannon at Cronstadt were turned against Germany, or Italy, or Austria, or anybody who stands between them and their ambitions, but the Czar and his advisers are governed by other considerations. They do not wish to make war or to threaten war till they are ready for war, and they may not be for years. The French fleet will presently sail away from Cronstadt and the effect of its presence will vanish like the wake left by the keels of the ships."

How truly Smalley utters the sentiments of the English clubs! He writes so as to belittle France and make her appear in the light of a suppliant for the Russian alliance, when the fact is patent to all the world outside of England that Russia, without the friendship of France, would stand alone in Europe. Without a powerful ally among the western powers, the march of Russian conquest in Asia would be checked, and the Czar's vision of further empire in the direction of Constantinople must be forever relinquished. Much is said and written in England, and other hostile countries, about the brutal despotism of Russia in her dealings with the Poles, the Jews and the Russian revolutionists. Some of this criticism is just, and some, measured by the acts of the accusers themselves, is hypocritical. If Russia has her Poland, England has her Ireland, and Germany her Alsace Lorraine. The Russians persecute the Jews. The English persecute the Irish, the Burmese and the Africans. The Russians send their prisoners to Siberian mines. The English send theirs to the living hells of Chatham, Dartmoor and Pentonville. The Russians have determined to drive out—something they cannot accomplish—4 000 000 of Hebrews from their soil. The English have, within hardly more than a generation, destroyed upon or driven from their native soil 4 000 000 of Irish. The Russian system is a frank despotism. The English system is one of profound insincerity. There is little to choose between the two systems, except upon the soil of England itself, where the jailers of the subject countries grant themselves a selfish liberty, which those they have subjugated may not be privileged to enjoy, unless they renounce the instincts of humanity, and become parties to the great game of British conquest and spoliation.

Mr. Smalley knows the English temper and has adapted himself to the circumstances which surround him. He hobnobs with the jailers and plunderers of Ireland and of India, and sympathizes with them. Whatever is, for the moment, fashionable with England is fashionable with him. Only a few months ago, the young Emperor of Germany was the object of English hatred and distrust. These English feelings were faithfully mirrored in Mr. Smalley's letters to the New York *Tribune*. Today, William II is the favorite of England. He, therefore, is also Mr. Smalley's favorite. A year ago it suited England's policy to throw cold water on the German idea in Europe. At present it suits her to laud it. No change of sentiment, where England is concerned, disconcerts the athletic flunkeyism of Mr. Smalley. He is not an optimist. He is not a pessimist. He is simply an Anglicist. Whatever seems wrong to England seems wrong to him. Whatever seems right to England seems right to him. If tomorrow, Dame Britannia should discard Kaiser Wilhelm and hug the Czar or President Carnot to her breast, Mr. Smalley would immediately applaud her good sense and refined taste. If England were to praise the Russian system, Mr. Smalley would join enthusiastically in the chorus. If England were to condemn the German military method, which she has of late so much applauded, Mr. Smalley would immediately denounce spiked helmets, forced marches and skin tight breeches. In fact, where English sentiment is concerned, a weather cock is not more variable than Mr. Smalley.

It must be confessed that America has not been particularly fortunate in the matter of press representation in Europe, but more particularly in England. Smalley, whatever his sins in the line of flunkeyism, has kept himself free from social stigma, which is more than can be said of his contemporary, William H. Hulbert, whose recent escapades with an English actress are still fresh in the public mind. Smalley has been a consistent upholder of the English idea in Irish politics, and so has Hulbert. Both of them are a discredit to American manliness and independence of character.

Since the foregoing was written, the Czar has given England and her Smalley the lie direct by telegraphing to President Carnot as follows: "The presence of the fleet is fresh testimony of the profound sympathy uniting France and Russia. I beg to express to you my warm satisfaction on this account."

GLADSTONE'S FREE TRADE HINT.

The Foreign committee of the World's Fair has been well received in England. Old Mr. Gladstone, in writing to the Hon. Ben. Butterworth, secretary of the Fair, could not resist the temptation of dropping in a little free trade, thus:

"I cannot doubt that the Chicago Exhibition would tend materially to advance the commercial intercourse between nations, and therewith those sentiments of friendship which are its usual result. I shall not, I hope, transgress the limits of courtesy in expressing the wish that those at least who come after me may live to see the industrial glory of America freed from every fetter, and her unparalleled natural resources turned to the best account."

Mr. Gladstone was not quite so solicitous about "the industrial glory of America," when, in the interests of secession and human slavery, he subscribed $100,000 to the Confederate Bond Fund. His suggestion, although courteously worded, was an impertinence which may, however, be forgiven in a man of his years and oddities. America can take care of her own political economy without gratuitious advice from English statesmen of any party.

DILLON, O'BRIEN, AND PARNELL.

A London dispatch to the *Tribune*, dated Wednesday, says: "A report is in circulation today that John Dillon and William O'Brien, whose terms of imprisonment expire tomorrow, have been freed. This has been confirmed. Neither of these patriots, however, will take an active part in the leadership controversy, for the present at least. Mr. Parnell intends to communicate with them without any loss of time, and has already prepared for their inspection a statement of the disbursements of the funds which it was alleged by his opponents had been misapplied. The whole matter of the funds is in the hands of Messrs. Munro of Paris, and will be submitted to the newly liberated members with a view to a final settlement. The sum of £8 000 was released before Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien were imprisoned, and it was only after their incarceration that a demand was made by the McCarthyites on Mr. Parnell to release the funds for the relief of the evicted tenants. It is now admitted that the whole of these moneys was subscribed chiefly by the Irish in the United States and the colonies for the general purposes of the Irish movement. Mr. Parnell is quite willing that a considerable portion of this money be allowed to the evicted tenants, but he holds that the greater portion should be reserved for the home rule movement, as was intended before the split in the party. This raises the question whether the majority of the Irish party has a right to any portion of the funds for the purpose of opposing Mr. Parnell's leadership. It has been tacitly agreed that the sum of £5,000 be drawn to pay the liabilities of the League before the split came. The point which will be left to the arbitration of Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien, and such friendly counsel as they may call in, is, what will become of the remainder? Mr. Parnell at all events will not give up the money for use against himself."

MR. BLAINE'S HEALTH.

Secretary Blaine, in spite of numerous enterprising correspondents who have been busy during several months in making him a monopolist of all the ills that flesh is heir to, has recovered sufficiently to be able to drive a spirited span of horses, and to walk several miles at a stretch. Meanwhile the question of his candidacy for the nomination to the presidency by the Republican party continues to afflict the politicians of all complexions. It is certain that Blaine has only to say the word to achieve the nomination. No convention of his party could resist the magic spell of his name.

HON. HERMAN RASTER.

Hon. Herman Raster, for many years the distinguished chief editor of the *Illinois Staats Zeitung*, died of dropsy at Dresden, Saxony, on July 24. He had been suffering from the fatal malady for several months, and left Chicago for Germany in the hope of benefitting his health. Mr. Raster was 64 years old when death cut short his successful career as a journalist. He was a man of strong nature, thoroughly skeptical, and deeply attached to German habits, language and traditions. In the hour of our nation's peril he proved himself a true and powerful friend of the Union, and did much to float our bonds in Germany. His exhortations had great effect upon the German-American people of the Northwest, who patriotically responded to the president's call to arms. Although Mr. Raster had many graces and virtues, both privately and publicly, he had also his share of human imperfections. His prejudices were very strong, and, in a measure, he might be called a Celtophobist. He heartily disliked, politically at least, all Frenchmen and most Irishmen. He once described the Frenchman as "a veneered Irishman," and, on several occasions, exhibited a rancor of feeling altogether inconsistent with his magnificent talent and his liberal education.

Not very long ago he attacked the editor of THE CITIZEN in a manner at once unjust and arrogant, but our return fire silenced his batteries, and he abandoned the battle never to renew it. But we cherish no ill will toward Mr. Raster because of his differences with us. He was an antagonist worthy of anybody's steel, and we only regret that a man who possessed such power over the minds of the people of his race, had not more of the universal brain and heart which comprehend within their regard all the races of mankind. Mr. Raster was a Pan Teuton, and therein lay his chief weakness. While the Germans have much to be proud of, and while they have done much to make their mark indelible in the annals of the world, they must remember that they, too, had their period of misfortune and depression, and that other nations deserve quite as well, at least, of their mother Earth, in art, arms and literature. Mr. Raster's tendency was in the direction of arrogant Teutonism, which would be quite as offensive to surrounding peoples as arrogant Anglicism, arrogant Celticism, or arrogant Gallicism. Fortunately the calm, good sense of the German-American people preserved them from adopting overmuch of Mr. Raster's ideas in this direction, and their good understanding with their fellow citizens of other races has remained unbroken.

Mr. Raster has left behind him few abler men of his race. It is doubtful if he was of unmixed German blood, for in personal appearance he bore strong resemblance to the best type of the Semitic family of men. In any case, his genius was of the thorough character which never fails to make deep impression on the events of the times in which it exists, although, in the rapid spread of modern enlightenment and the prodigal growth of able minds, its memory may not long survive the generation in which it flourished.

THE OGDEN GROVE GATHERING.

The Irish National Demonstration at Ogden Grove, on Aug. 15, will be addressed by four noted Irish American orators—the Hon. C. A. Gallagher, of Minneapolis, Mr. James K. McGuire of Syracuse, N. Y., and O'Neill Ryan of St. Louis. Mr. Matthew P. Brady, of this city, will also speak. The afternoon meeting will be presided over by Mr. M. J. Keane, and the evening gathering by Mr. Frank Agnew. In addition to the music, dancing, athletic games and fireworks, B. P. Grattan's Grand Panoramic Mirror of Ireland, comprising 120 magnificent picture scenes, will be presented. A picture gallery of Irish celebrities will be included in this production. All the prospects point to a monster demonstration.

THE IRISH OUTLOOK.

[*Communicated.*]

The present session of parliament will be followed by a recess till November, when a short new session will begin. On the day before the November session opens, Mr. Parnell's term of office as parliamentary chairman or leader of the Irish Nationalist party, terminates. Until then he is *de jure* the leader. He was legally elected for a definite term, and the attempt to depose him was illegitimate. If it could be made a precedent, it would render the office of chairman a farce, and nullify the leader's authority. Until November neither John Dillon nor any other self respecting man whom the people would recognize, is likely to assume the chairmanship. And it would be a fatal mistake to elect any parliamentary chairman who cannot be acceptable to Irish Nationalists all the world over. The majority that rebelled against Parnell—their unanimous choice of the day before—are tainted with the vice of subservience to foreign dictation, thus sacrificing the independence of the Irish party. They more than vied with their opponents in violence venom and indecency, and have thereby disgraced their country. They elected such dubious Nationalists for Kilkenny, Sligo and Carlow, that no confidence can be placed in a parliamentary party of their choosing at a general election. Healy, Hennessy and Hammond—the three Hs—are now their specimen Nationalists. Hennessy aspires to the leadership, and Healy wants to remain the power behind the throne. The general election will not occur till twelve months from this time. Many things will change before then. Gladstone probably will have retired from politics. The Irish local government act will have been passed. The Land League and the Plan of Campaign will have borne fruit in the shape of Balfour's Purchase Act, and, above all, a new law relating to parliamentary representation will, as Lord Salisbury hinted, be passed. This law will adopt the American system of representation according to population. The 670 members of parliament will be reapportioned according to the last census. London has more people than either Ireland or Scotland, yet she has but 60 representatives. Scotland has almost as many people as Ireland, yet she has only 72 members to Ireland's 103 * Let us not deceive ourselves. Ireland's representation in the imperial parliament is sure to be cut down, and with it will wane the influence of an Irish parliamentary phalanx. Let us remember, too, that the Tory constituencies in Ireland have suffered less than the Nationalist ones from emigration in the last ten years Cork has lost population, and Belfast is likely to outnumber Dublin if the latter does not annex all her suburbs as far as Little Bray. The relative proportions of Tories and Nationalists will be altered next year. Instead of 2½ to 12, they will probably become—under the new gerrymander—1 to 3. If the representation be reduced to 75, the Nationalists cannot exceed fifty. They will therefore be of slight use to Vernon Harcourt and the Liberal party, and will be able to extract few favors even if the Liberals regain power. Further, the Nationalist integrity of Irish members has been so sapped and shattered by the revolt against Parnell, and the majority of the members have shown such tendency to seek office and foreign favor, that Ireland cannot count on them any longer. The united, independent Irish parliamentary party is a thing of the past, and it will not be recompacted next year, nor in any year to the end of the nineteenth century.

What then? Then the Irish people must revert to the advice given in an editorial of THE CITIZEN:

"THE CITIZEN, while it has great respect for the opinion of the *American*, thinks that worse things might happen in Irish politics than a new appeal to what it calls "the desperate but fitful and futile methods of physical force." If the English were honest in their alleged desire to give Home Rule to Ireland, the misfortunes of Parnell, or the political extravagance of the Irish clergy, would not keep them from performing a simple act of justice. But they are not in earnest, and never have been, except when in a state of panic. All this present Irish trouble may be, after all, a blessing in disguise. If Parnell should be set aside, even temporarily, no sensible Irishman can believe that any other parliamentary leader could succeed where he failed. No—no. Nothing will remain for Irishmen at home and abroad but the "desperate and fitful" policy of physical force. It is the fable of the old man who pelted the bad boys in his apple trees with grass, practically illustrated. The use of grass brought him only ridicule. When he tried stones, the bad boys jumped to the ground and took to their heels. The truth is, we have been pelting grass at England long enough. It is about time to put her on a stone diet once more. Parnell was a stone, covered up in grass, and hurt John Bull somewhat; but when the stone is taken out the grass will be harmless. In the defeat of Parnell, the parliamentary party has virtually abdicated, and the time is ripe for the revolutionary element of the Irish people to take hold of the cause and begin pelting England with stones in good earnest. By hook or by crook, she must get out of the Irish orchard."

The day is coming when there must be European wars, and England under Salisbury is entangling herself. What Irish Nationalists should do is to organize in some new form, that will be suitable in either contingency—peace or war. Parliamentary agitation has now had its innings—a trial of twenty years. It has failed to secure Home Rule. It is therefore good policy to try another way. It is mere imbecility to persist in wasting time in trying constitutional agitation under new leaders. By making a new departure, the animosities of the Parnell-Healy controversy will be forgotten, and Irishmen may again be united on a more promising field of battle.

W.

* The Chicago *Tribune* has made the point, editorially, that, under the Union treaty of 1800, Ireland's representation cannot be reduced and that the reduction of her members from 105 to 103 was owing to the disfranchisement of two petty boroughs, notoriously corrupt. THE CITIZEN finds the following in Article IV. of the Union act: "That such acts as shall be passed in the parliament of Ireland previous to the Union, to regulate the mode by which the lords, spiritual and temporal, to serve in the parliament of the United Kingdom, on the part of Ireland, shall be summoned and returned to the said parliament, shall be considered as forming part of the treaty of Union, and shall be incorporated in the acts of the respective parliaments by which the said Union shall be ratified and established." Ireland was allowed only 100 members under the Union act, as follows: Two from each county of Ireland, two from the city of Dublin, two from the city of Cork, one from the University of Trinity College, and one from each of the thirty one most considerable cities, towns and boroughs. The number was subsequently, chiefly on account of boroughs, raised to 105. Hence the rule regarding representation appears to be flexible.—[ED. CITIZEN.]

THE BRUTAL BRITISH "BIG BUGS."

John Roach, who owns the Grand Theatre at Liverpool, Eng., in which a fight between the pugilists, Mitchell and Slavin, recently took place, has written a letter to the Liverpool press, which so severely condemned him, in which he says: "I did not create Liverpool's taste for boxing exhibitions. It started in London many years ago, and today flourishes under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Clarence and the aristocracy in general. Only the other day I was surprised to find the drawing-room of a noble lord in Belgravia marked out with ropes and stakes for a 'mill.'" Mr. Roach's name smacks strongly of the Green Isle, and the style of his letter shows that he well knows how to handle a metaphorical sprig of shillelagh.

THE Irish members had the case of John Daly, of Limerick—now confined in an English prison on a trumped up charge of having had explosives concealed on his person when arrested—before the British commons on Tuesday. Sir William Vernon Harcourt, who will succeed Gladstone as leader of "the base, brutal and bloody Whigs" declared that Daly should not be liberated. The Tories, of course, an Irishman being in the case, sustained Harcourt.

JOHN F. FINERTY has accepted the invitation of the Irish Nationalists of Kansas City to speak at their demonstration on Aug. 15. On this account, and because it was a previous engagement, he is obliged to decline the invitation extended him to speak at the Ogden Grove demonstration on the same day. It is just as well for us to swap ideas with our sister cities on such occasions.

A SEVERE FINDING.

COLUMBUS, O., July 28.—William J. Elliott, the former proprietor and editor of the *Sunday Capital*, who, with his brother, P. J. Elliott, killed Albert C. Osborn, a reporter on the *Sunday World*, and W. Hughes, a bystander, besides wounding a number of people during a shooting affray on High street, in this city, the afternoon of Feb. 23 last, was convicted this morning of murder in the second degree. The trial has been in progress since May 11. The crime was the direct result of personal journalism.

At 10:20 o'clock Court Crier Chestnut unlocked the jury room and the jurors marched out. As soon as the people saw the jury appear the crowd in the hall made a break for the criminal court room door. While all this was going on the crowd was as still as death.

When the clerk began to read the verdict there was a highly sensational scene. When Mr. Mitchell read the "indictment for murder in the first degree" Mrs. P. J. Elliott thought it meant guilty of murder in the first degree, and partially raised up and made a suppressed scream. She then fell back into her chair. As the clerk reached the words "guilty of murder in the second degree" Miss Marony arose, gave vent to a wailing cry, and then fell back in a fainting fit. Mrs. W. J. Elliott was very pale, but made no demonstration. Attorney Ernhart caught Miss Marony as she fell back, then started for some water in the back room. W. J. Elliott had his youngest boy in his lap, and when the verdict was being read he covered the child's eyes and mouth so he could not see or make an outcry. When Miss Marony fainted, the defendant turned to her and gave some instructions about what to do with her. Neither Mrs. W. J. Elliott nor the children made any demonstration at all.

As the verdict of the jury was read Elliott became so enraged that he pulled the G. A. R. button from the lapel of his coat and threw it in the direction of the jury.

By the laws of Ohio murder in the second degree is punishable by life imprisonment, the court having no alternative in the matter.

Notice of motion for a new trial was made and so sentence was not passed. The court fixed next Saturday as the time for hearing arguments for a motion for a new trial.

PARNELLITES MISREPRESENTED.

Mr. James Killeles Maintains That London News Agencies Suppress and Change Facts so as to Lessen the Strength of Parnell.

[*The Nashville, Tenn., Sunday Herald, July 26.*]

Irish-American citizens and American Irish sympathizers were somewhat chagrined and abashed by the published reports of the convention held last Tuesday in Dublin, where, according to their anticipation, hopes and information, they were induced to believe that the Parnell delegation would assume such proportion and character as would practically refute the assertion that Parnell was no longer a representative leader of Irish sentiment and aspiration.

In defiance of the telegraphic news there were many sturdy sons of the Emerald Isle who still looked upon Parnell as a patriot seeking the best interests of his country, and beset and positively threatened by hostile opinions and envious rivals for that love and implicit faith which he enjoyed so long and successfully among the Irish people.

In Nashville, where there are so many anxiously waiting the rescue of Ireland from her unfortunate position among the great nations, there is not one who is more keenly alive to her interests, or watches more critically all movements which affect her welfare than Mr. James Killeles, president of the Nashville Parnell Branch of the Irish League of America, and from him the following pertinent statements concerning the reports of the Dublin convention were obtained:

"The telegraphic news from London stated that Mr. Parnell's strength would appear from the number and character of delegates adhering to him at the Dublin convention, and further represented that strong efforts had been made to secure a creditable representation, yet hardly any man of local or general prominence could be persuaded to attend.

"If the news associations in London, controlling the news by cable to America, would send the real facts instead of coloring and toning the reports so as to make them injurious to Parnell, then the people in this country would see that the Dublin convention, July 23, was not only largely attended, but attended by the best representative men in Ireland. Being under influences inimical to Parnell, these news agencies do not give to American readers the undistorted facts.

"It is true that many men who have for years become identified with similar conventions in Ireland were not present, but who were they? They were the McCarthy men. It grieves me to see the division in the Irish party, militating, as it does, against the speedy fruition of our earnest desires. That the reports of the Dublin convention were not impartial becomes apparent when it is known that the League is well organized in the thirty-two counties of Ireland, and that even all League branches had authority to send five delegates. Other Irish organized societies were also invited to send representatives. There could not have been less than 1 500 or 2,000 at the convention, and they represented the true Irish national sentiment of the Irish people in all of its most important bearings. The London news agencies or associations appear, too, to have ignored the monster meeting which was held in Leinster hall last Thursday night.

"The Irish in America firmly believe that trust is not to be placed implicitly in either Tory or Liberal ministry, but in a real Irish independent party, and the real question at issue in the Dublin convention was whether the Irish National party was to exist as an independent body or as a branch of the English Liberal party. The majority of the Irish element in America favor Parnell on account of his independent attitude, and feel that the divorce scandal has been wrongfully and injudiciously imported into politics.

"In suppressing and modifying information in regard to the Dublin convention, as sent through the London agencies, it seems that the intention was to discourage the Irish American element in this country. When the Irish newspapers are read in America, a totally different account of the Dublin National League convention will assuredly be given, understood and appreciated."

Excursion to Lagrange.

The members of Father Hagan's Young Men's Temperance Society and their friends intend to make an excursion to Lagrange and pay a visit to Father Hagan, on Aug. 2. The excursion train will leave the Union Depot, Canal and Adams sts., at 8:30 and arrive at Lagrange about 9 o'clock. Mass will be said in Lagrange Music Hall and the sermon will be preached by Father Hagan. After mass the excursionists will have an opportunity to see Lagrange and then visit Grossdale and Riverside, three of the prettiest suburbs around Chicago. Fare for the round trip 30c; tickets to be had on the train. Father Hagan has always been a fearless advocate and a most indefatigable worker in the temperance cause. His stirring appeals and eloquent lectures on the temperance question have given him a national reputation.

A Model Railway.

The Burlington Route, C., B. & Q. R. R. operates 7,000 miles of road, with termini in Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver. For speed, safety, comfort, equipment, track, and efficient service it has no equal. The Burlington gains new patrons, but loses none.

ROMAN NEWS.

Doings and Seeings in and Around the Capital of the Eternal City.

Squalid Surroundings of the Ancient Home of the Cæsars.

ROME, July 11.—Although the Pope has not yet commenced the summer holidays, still all but necessary audiences have been suspended in order that his Holiness may have as much repose as it is possible before the arrival of the large autumn pilgrimages. Besides the usual prefects, secretaries, and officers of congregations, the only other person received in audience during the past week was Mgr. Contiers, bishop of Gaeta. On Tuesday morning in the Vatican palace there was held the preparatory congregation to discuss the virtues in an heroic degree of the Venerable Maria Crocefissa delle Cinque Piaghi, Terziaria Alcantarina. His Eminence Cardinal Aloisi Masella, prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, presided on this occasion.

Letters from Lisbon have arrived here, telling of the grand demonstration with which the new papal nuncio, Monsignor Jacobini, was received in that city; also of the intended visit of Cardinal Neto, patriarch of Lisbon, to the Holy City.

One of the late new cardinals, his Eminence Vincent Vannutelli, has left Rome in order to spend a few monthes in his birthplace, the little city of Gennazzano, where is the world wide famed shrine of Our Lady of Good Counsel. The Gennazanese are naturally very proud of having two townsmen belonging to the sacred college, and on the cardinal's arrival he was received with great joy and festivals which lasted three days.

By the briefs from the cardinal secretary of state, the Holy Father has named his Eminence Cardinal Verga, to be protector of the Institute of the Daughters of St. Anna; his Eminence Vincent Vannutelli, to be protector of the Sisters of the Perpetuated Adoration, and has enrolled Mgr. Vincenzo Madrigali among the number of the domestic prelates.

The sad news has arrived from Hungary of the death of the primate, his Eminence Cardinal Louis Haynald, which took place at Kolocsa, on the fourth of the present month. His Eminence was born in Szecseiny, in Strigonia, Oct. 13, 1816, so was in his 75th year. He was appointed and precanonized Archbishop of Kolocsa and Bacs by the late Pope Pius IX in the consistory of May, 1867. His energy was marvellous, while his charity knew no bounds—the poor, hospitals, schools, foundlings—all shared his munificence, and it is said that his gifts amounted to millions of florins. He was created and published cardinal by the present Pope, in the consistory of May, 1879, with the title of Santa Maria den l' Angeli. His Eminence belonged to the sacred ecclesiastical congregations of the propaganda, Index, Indulgences, Sacred Relics, and Studies. R I P.

It is also with regret that one has to announce the death of the Countess Orsola Rampolla del Tindaro, mother of his eminence the cardinal secretary of state, which took place last Wednesday at Frascati. She had the consolation of being assisted in her last days by all her children, and died comforted by the special blessing of the Holy Father.

From Switzerland the news has been received of the serious illness of Cardinal Mermillod, and at one time little hope was entertained of his recovery. The latest bulletins, however, speak of a slight improvement, and it is now earnestly desired that his Eminence will be sufficiently recovered to return to Rome to preside at the forthcoming pilgrimages in September next.

Last Sunday morning the basilica of Sta Maria Maggiore was the scene of a family festa, when the cardinal archpriest, his Eminence Gustavo d'Hohenlohe, celebrated the twenty fifth anniversary of his having been raised to the cardinalate. The ceremony consisted of a solemn act of thanksgiving to God and to the Blessed Virgin, under whose special protection his Eminence had placed himself. The solemn function for the laying of the foundation stone of the new church of St. Joachim, in honor of his Holiness' episcopal jubilee, has been postponed by the committee to October next, in order that the international pilgrimage may take part in the ceremonies.

The closing scenes in the Italian parliament have been much commented upon, especially the one that had reference to the throwing out of the bill for the circle railway to connect the Trastevere station with the general one. The papers of northern Italy accuse Rome of trying to enrich herself at the expense of the other cities; to which the Roman papers reply: "It would be too easy for us to show to what sad conditions Rome is reduced, in the unasked for promotion, from the capital of the Christian world, to be that of the 'intangible' conquest of the kingdom of Italy." The paper known as *Don Chisciotte* speaks very clearly, it says: "The Romans, you say, after 1870 are enriched? Let us take account of the immense fortunes of the princes; let us ask what has become of that well to-do middle class, that once even the poets sang of as the *fat* middle class; let us hear what proprietors have gained; let us see what welfare has been diffused among the population? It is misery, it is ruin, it is a general liquidation for everyone. They have ruined—and it is well, or, at least, it has been fatal—the old city with its traditions, its resources, its modes of life, and they have not known how to build up the new city. So Rome has lost its prosperity of early days, and has not been able to gain the economical remaking of the peninsular. These are facts—it is enough to come here, to know a few of the people, to listen to some shopkeepers, to know something of the situation of the banks, to be convinced. And while these Romans—who have seen colossal fortunes fly like smoke, who suffer the greatest sorrow that they have ever felt, whose municipal government is in a state of bankruptcy, whose population of workingmen is almost all in misery, and the shopkeepers almost ruined—while these Romans do not speak, do not breath, but are more indignant than their interest is hurt by the cowardice committed against them, from Milan and Turin comes the cry: "You wish to enrich yourselves with our money?" One must remember that this paper is anti Papal, and always has been so, yet in the bitter struggle the truth has had to be given, and Rome, the squalid capital of Italy, is no more like the regal, prosperous Rome, capital of the Catholic world, than a poor village is to a prosperous town. The disoccupied laborers are getting desperate. They are now taking to going around the city with a cart, begging. The other day several were arrested for this crime, and were condemned to various terms of imprisonment, ranging from two to three days. The curious part, however, is that the bread and money found on them was returned, so that, as one remarked, they were better off, as they not only had the charity but three days' free living.—*From the Irish Catholic.*

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

On July 9 Mr. William M. Nolan, (Parnellite) was elected town councillor for the Castle ward, Limerick. Mr John Kevelehan was the opposing candidate.

Col. Miller, senior R. M. for Wexford, died on July 31.

At an examination for excise supervisor, held at Somerset House, London, in June, Mr. Patrick Hurley, first class officer, Cork, succeeded in getting an appointment, twenty seven candidates presenting themselves for the ten vacancies. Mr. Hurley was the only Iaishman who succeeded. He has been stationed at the North Mall branch of the Cork distilleries for the past four or five years, and was vice president of the Cork Young Men's Society literary and debating guild.

The "open air religious services" in Arklow, in which the Rev. Mr. Hallowes has played such a prominent part, were continued, on Sunday, July 5, amid general hooting. Four meetings were addressed by the "ranters."

The names of those to whom civil list pensions were granted during the year ending the 20 h of June were recently laid on the table of the house of commons. From this it appears that Miss Kate and Miss Finola Sullivan have been granted the small annual pension of £25 each, "in recognition of the services of their late father, Dr. Sullivan, professor of Queen's College, Cork, to literature, and of his labors in developing the industrial resources of Ireland."

Mr. T. Flanagan, sub agent of the Bank of Ireland, in Castlebar, has been promoted to Longford.

On July 7 an inquest was held in Drogheda workhouse, by the Meath county coroner, on the remains of a girl named Brady of the North road. Her mother left her in the house while away at work for Mr. Finegan in one of his fields. On her return she found the girl badly burned, her clothes having caught fire. Dr. Kelly was in immediate attendance, and did all that was then possible to relieve the sufferer, who was taken to the hospital, but the case was from the first hopeless.

In the rolls court, Dublin, on July 9, an injunction order was granted against the Rev. Thomas Kehoe, P.P., of Luggacurran, and his two curates, to compel them to remove twenty one plan of campaign huts which have been erected adjacent to the residence of the two curates, on the Marquis of Lansdowne's estate, and which at present afford shelter to 106 evicted persons.

A most interesting ceremony took place in the beautiful chapel of the Presentation Convent, Tuam, on June 30. The two ladies—Miss Mary Josephine Doran, in religion Sister Mary Francis De Sales, and Miss Anne Doran, in religion Sister Mary Aloysius—both daughters of Mr. Thomas Doran, P.L.G., Roscommon—presented themselves at the altar—one to receive the habit of the Order, the second to be admitted to profession by the solemn vows. His Grace Archbishop McEvilly performed the ceremony, assisted by a number of priests.

A marriage is arranged, and will shortly take place, between Mr. Richards, barrister at law, second son of Judge Richards, county court judge for Mayo, and Maud, youngest daughter of Mr. Henry Smyth, of Barbavilla, county Westmeath.

Chief Baron Palles and Justice Andrews opened the Sligo assizes on July 4. The former presided in the crown court and the latter in the record court. The grand jury having been sworn, the chief baron congratulated them on the peaceful condition of their county as evidenced by the fact that there were only two bills to go before them and those not of a serious nature, being simply the result of public house brawls.

Mr. John Thompson Smith, the quondam editor of the Boyle *Gazette*, has been sent to Sligo prison in default of paying £30 costs in the libel action brought against him by Mr. Jasper Tully. Since he was arrested, judgment has been marked against him for £500.

Dr. W. J. Mullany has been elected medical officer of the Belmullet workhouse in room of the late Dr. O'Connor.

At a special meeting of the Killala board of guardians, held on July 4, two notices numerously signed were read, stating that the imported seed potatoes obtained under the Seeds act have turned out a great failure, and that the ratepayers of the district had not only determined not to pay for the potatoes, but that they would take action against the board for breach of contract. The matter has been submitted to the local government board.

The improvements in the Cathedral at Ballina which are being proceeded with by Mr. John Mulligan, contractor, Swinford, from designs by Mr. Beirne, Architect, Dublin, will consist of side chapels, marble altars, and two sacristies. The side chapel windows are to be of stained glass, 18x8 feet, the chancel window which overlooks the high altar, is also of stained glass. The steps, risers, and predella of the altars will be one and a quarter of Sicilian marble. The sacristies, one for the bishop, the other for the priests, will be fitted up with the latest laboratory improvements. The interior walling is to be chiselled in limestone. The improvements when finished, will be a worthy monument to the zeal of the respected and venerated bishop of Killala.

The Ballinrobe races came off on July 9. There was a very large attendance, and fair running. There were five events, V. J. Blake, Esq., of Towerhill, being successful in three.

On July 9, three valuable brass candlesticks were stolen from the high altar in St. Mary's church, Athlone. The clerk of the church missed the candlesticks and at once communicated with the police at the Brawney station. Sergeant Gilmore, acting on information, proceeded to a house in Irishtown, occupied by a person named Nash, where he found one of the candlesticks, and arrestrd a young girl named Delia Nash. He then proceeded to the local pawnoffice, where he discovered the other two had been pawned by Delia Nash and an elderly woman, named Mrs. Broderick, who was subsequently arrested. The prisoners were brought before Capt. Preston, R M., and sent to jail for trial at the next petty sessions for the Westmeath division of Athlone.

Wm. F. O'Donnell, who had just commenced business in the carpet department at Messrs. Peter McCarthy & Son's establishment, George street, Limerick, was drowned while bathing in the Shannon at Plassy, on Thursday, July 9. He was about 20 years of age, a native of Tipperary, and the son of a widow who had lost her husband but a short time ago, and by whom a sum of £500 had been put aside in bank for her son when he became qualified to open business on his own account. Deceased was for some time an assistant in the drapery at McBirney's, which he left a few weeks ago for Messrs. McCarthy's.

In Belfast, on July 10, the Most Rev. Dr. McAlister, bishop of Down and Connor, laid the foundation stone of St Bridget's Catholic church, on Derryvolgie avenue, which is the centre of the Malone district and closely adjoining the Windsor district, both of which are on the south side of the city, and comprise the most select residential parts of Belfast.

At Belfast, on July 8, the new Victoria channel was formally opened by the chairman of the harbor board, Mr. James Musgrave, J. P. The old channel was opened in the year 1849 by Queen Victoria, and the present extension was commenced in the beginning of the year 1886. Its length is about four miles, from seaward to the Twin Islands. It is 300 feet wide between the slopes. Its depth at low tide is 17 feet, and 25 feet at high water mark. The slopes run at 7 feet horizantal to one foot vertical. Its course is marked with four handsome lighthouses on the eastern side. The outer lighthouse is fitted with a clear, white light, and has an eclipse apparatus which gives two dots and a dash, representing the U of the Morse alphabet. The three intermediate lighthouses, which are placed at a distance of a mile apart, have bright white lights with reflectors. The west side of the channel is marked by five large buoys. The channel will undoubtedly prove of immense advantage to the port, as vessels with a draught of 20 or 25 feet will be able to traverse it.

A young man named Thomas Hartnett, charged with attempting to commit suicide at Kenmare on April 26, was acquitted on the ground of insanity. The judge committed the prisoner to the lunatic asylum.

In the case of Patrick Hackett, indicted for the wilful murder of Patrick Fiahive, at Glenlea, Ballyheigue, on August 30, 1886, the crown applied for and obtained a postponement, on the ground that a material witness, Sergeant Thompson, was absent in America, searching for a man named Kennelly, who was stated to have been the man who fired the shot which killed Fiahive.

A man named Dennis Ring was charged at the Cork police court with kicking his wife in such a manner that she became insensible. He was sentenced to six month's imprisonment with hard labor.

Rev. Patrick McCartan, P. P., of Lower Drumgooland, died on July 10, aged 46 years.

Rev. Mother Agnes Duignan, of Navan, died recently.

A very successful Nationalist meeting was held recently at Kilteely, Mr. Martin O'Grady presiding. Mr. W. A. Macdonald, M. P., and other speakers addressed the meeting, which adopted resolutions of confidence in Mr. Parnell, and calling on Mr. John Finucane, M. P. for East Limerick, to resign.

Mr. Parnell may as well give up the fight. All the quacks are against him. We take this item from the Waterford *Express* regarding the latest McCarthyite recruit: "The latest addition to the forces of the local McCarthyites is a fashionably attired gentleman calling himself "Dr." Commins. The "doctor" may be seen mounted on a soap box, on Broad street every evening, plying his calling as the champion wart curer of the world. Having, in high flowing language, held forth on the curative properties of his medicines, and denounced all our local medicine men as quacks, this eminent wart specialist turns his attention to matters political, and proclaims aloud that he is a staunch, true and trusted follower of the great Tim Healy. He may be seen every five minutes dashing into the public house of Mr. Fitzpatrick, T. C., each time returning with renewed vigor to denounce Parnell and his followers.

In several places in the county Carlow, it is reported the women made "indescribable noises of offensive import with their mouths" to Mr. Parnell and his supporters. We suppose that would be called in Ireland a "base" accompaniment to the alleged harmony of the "Bantry Band."

At the meeting of the Dublin Corporation held recently, Dr. Joseph Kenny, M. P. was appointed city coroner, receiving 29 votes as against 24 cast for Dr. R. Wade.

On July 13, the first pig market was held in New Tipperary since the injunction was granted by the vice chancellor against the town commissioners to restrain them from establishing a rival market to that of Mr. Smith Barry's in the old town. A number of emergencymen were on the market square of the new town at an early hour in the morning, and cautioned the farmers and other people against selling any pigs in New Tipperary, and ordered them to remove to the old town. Seeing, however, that no heed was being paid to their cautions, the emergencymen resorted to intimidation, and threatened the people with terms of imprisonment to the extent of 15 years for disobeying the order of the vice chancellor. Col. Caddell, R. M., and a large force of police and detectives, made their appearance immediately after the market opened, and every means were tried by the police to hunt the people into Barrystown. Still the combined attempts of the police and emergencymen to coerce the people were an abject failure. Col. Caddell distributed through the market the police under his control, and ordered them to get the names of all the people present, and the names of the people who had not their cars branded. The buyers declare they will stand by New Tipperary, and the farmers have also pledged themselves to sell nowhere but in the new town.

A young man named Martin was arrested recently by the police on the charge of wounding James Curran on the occasion of the recent Orange celebration at Warrenpoint. A man named Nicholls was also arrested on the charge of stabbing a young man named Sloane in the arm at Kilkeel.

A new line of steamers to compete with the Cork Steamship company has been started.

The lord lieutenant will attend the Galway races on Aug. 5.

At the Douglas petty sessions, James Dineen was sentenced to one month's imprisonment for stealing a postal order.

On July 12, a riot occurred at Keady, county Armagh. On the Orange procession passing the town shots were fired, and one man was wounded. His injuries, however, are not serious.

Mr. T. Cunningham, one of the most prominent Parnellites of West Waterford, represented the Ballyduff Upper G. A. A. as well as the Ballyduff Suppressed Branch of the Irish National League at the Waterford convention, on July 6.

The National League convention for the county Waterford was a remarkable success.

Much satisfaction has been felt in Nationalist circles in Bandon, over the result of the recent elections in that town. The election of eighteen town commissioners, which takes place once in every three years has just concluded, with the result that the six McCarthyites have been replaced by as many Nationalists, one of whom has been elected chairman in place of Mr. M'Carthy, solicitor, whose anti-Parnellism has lost him the seat.

At the Stradbally, Waterford, sessions, John Hennessy summoned Michael Keating for an alleged assault. Hennessy deposed that on June 16 he met the defendant in the village of Kil, where they had some drink together, and they afterwards left with other boys to go home. Defendant wanted to fight, but he said he did not want to have anything to do with him. That did not seem to satisfy defendant, and he knocked complainant into a dyke. He did not give him any provocation. Defendant said that it all arose out of Hennessy shouting, 'Here's a McCarthyite; a cheer for Tim Healy.' I said, 'I'm a Parnellite, and a cheer for Mr. Kettle.' He then struck me and I gave him a clip in return. He fell in the dyke and I fell on top of him; we were separated, and he then ran away, and now summons me for defending myself.

Complainant—You kicked me in the side when I was down.

Defendant—I deny it. I never kicked a man when he was down.

At Greyabbey, county Down, petty sessions, before Messrs. Hugh Montgomery, D. L., J. P., presiding, William Gibson, J. P., and Thomas Shaw, J. P., a pig sticker named James Gibson, of Ballygovern, applied for information against Robert M'Master, publican, Kirkcubbin, and John M'Veagh, also of Kirkcubbin, for having, on the 14th of May last, attempted to hang him from the steps of a ladder in M'Master's yard.

The complainant in answer to the court said that on the day in question the defendants erected a gallows in M'Master's yard for the purpose of hanging him. Everything was carried out in the most businesslike manner, even to the very dissecting knife (laughter). A coroner and jury were in attendance, as was also a doctor and a clergyman. M'Veagh, with the assistance of witnesses, adjusted the noose, while M'Master pulled a table which served as a lever, from under his feet.

Mr. Shaw—Were you a consenting party to this hanging?

Complainant—I was a little (laughter).

M'Veagh, one of the defendants—He had the rope himself and asked us to hang him.

Complainant—When they had the scaffold ready they helped to put the rope around my neck and commenced to chuck me up.

Mr. Gibson—Did they tell you what was their object in trying this experiment?

Complainant—No, sir. They told me to make my peace with this world (loud laughter). When everything was ready they sent over a note to Sergeant Carey to be present at the execution (laughter).

One of the defendants—He gave us a pint of porter each to hang him. Some time ago he sold a bit of land about which he fretted very much.

Mr. Gibson—I believe your whole object was to try to get money out of these men I do not believe your story at all.

The magistrates, having consulted, refused information.

IRISH-AMERICA'S ULTIMATUM.

[*New York Tablet, July 25.*]

From day to day it is growing clearer that the Irish in America have completely cut aloof from the present agitation, as conducted in Ireland, and are determined to adopt one of two methods. One is to wholly refuse further support to a party that has deliberately and in the face of the world sacrificed the destiny of Ireland to their internecine, petty quarrels and factional spleen; and the other to establish a new movement, having nothing in common with the past fiasco. The latter failed, because it was based on false principles, as we have already abundantly shown. It lacked the vitalizing spirit of nationhood, and the pride of racial equality, and begged for rights, where it should demand. The inevitable result has followed—disappointed hopes, languishing industries, deserted harbors, and a decreasing population. During the past half century Ireland and Turkey are the only two nations whose population and wealth have diminished, while the rest of the world advanced. The cause in the one case has been innate barbarism, in the other a dependence on false methods. The Irish have, at least during the present century, depended on law and constitutional right for their national restoration, unmindful of the fact that the only law that exists in their island is, as John Mitchel puts it, "the absence of all law." It is only by breaking that "law," or at least refusing to accept it as a channel through which they may ultimately obtain their rights, that these rights can ever be achieved.

That this is the message sent to Ireland by the Irish race in all lands since the present collapse, he who runs may read. The Irish Australians, who in proportion to their numbers and wealth, even surpassed their kindred in America, in their contributions, have recently withdrawn their confidence from both of the factions.

The Irish in America who are, and will always be the mainstay of the Irish people in Ireland, are still ready and willing to continue the centuried strife, but not on the old lines. As during the past constitutional agitation the Irish in America left the initiative and the conduct of affairs to the Irish in Ireland, so now they have no disposition to impose their will on them. They desire that the keynote of the new movement should come from Ireland; but to secure their aid the said movement must be one for Irish national independence. Either Ireland belongs to the Irish or it does not. If it does, they cannot compound a felony by conceding it to the robber. If it does not, let them take their place with the Jews, acknowledge that they have no country, and make the earth their home.

It is said that Mr. Parnell intends shortly visiting America to arouse enthusiasm in the collapsed cause. It will be a mistaken campaign, one that will only result at best in the rattling of dead bones. If the factions in Ireland consent to efface themselves, and to adopt the only policy by which every nation that achieved its liberties succeeded, they will receive the unstinted support of their kindred in America; but if they persist in a policy whose ultimate end will be the utter demoralization of Ireland, then, the Irish abroad will abandon Ireland as a waterlogged hulk not worth saving, or will undertake her redemption without any reference to the wishes of her deluded people.

A Pleasant Entertainment.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E Dwyer celebrated the tenth anniversary of their marriage by entertaining their many friends at their residence, No. 445 South Morgan street, on Thursday evening, July 23, and it was a merry gathering. A fine orchestra was in attendance, and ten dances rendered, to represent the happy years of wedlock. During the intermission an elegant banquet was served. After the dancing, readings, vocal and instrumental music were indulged in. It was with many regrets that the happy participants reached the close of such an enjoyable evening, and all wished the pleasant Mr. Dwyer and his charming wife many happy returns of the day.

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

CORCORAN—July 3, at Rathcoole, Patrick Corcoran, child of William and Ellen Corcoran.

CHAMBERS—July 4, at Ballina, Mary Anne, daughter of P. Chambers, merchant, aged 21 years.

DROMEY—July 13, at Cooldaniel, Kilmichael, Michael, son of William Dromey.

FITZGERALD—July 10, at Model School, Cork, John Fitzgerald, aged 70 years.

WILLIAMS—July 12, at Scilly Kinsale Anne Eliza, wife of Samuel E. Williams, of Macroom, aged 42 years.

BOYLAN—July 16, at Drumrora, Patrick Boylan, late of Joy Cottage, Kilnaleck, co. Cavan, aged 64 years.

HANNON—July 13, at No. 44 Upper William street, Limerick, William Hannon, aged 46 years.

LYNCH—July 17, at No. 115 South Cumberland street, Dublin, Henry Lynch.

MCMAHON—At No. 5 George's place, Dublin, Julia McMahon, widow of the late William McMahon.

BOURKE—July 13, at Lisnagaule, Banagha, Tipperary, John Bourke, aged 84 years.

CLEARY—July 15, at Wooddown, Mullingar, John Cleary, aged 62 years.

MONEYPENY—July 16, at Monasterevan, county Kildare, Michael Moneypeny, aged 84 years.

DUGGAN—July 10, at Ladytown, Christopher Duggan eldest son of the late Thomas Duggan, Borehard House, Newbridge, aged 34 years.

POOLE—July 13, at Rosenallis, Queen's county, Elizabeth Mary, eldest daughter of John Poole.

CONNELL—July 15, at Harbor street, Mullingar, Bridget Connell.

MCKEOGH—July 11, at Lake View cottage, Rynnich, Killaloe, William McKeogh, aged 77 years.

NOLAN—July 14, at No 12 St. Alphonsus road, Drumcondra, Isabel, daughter of T. Nolan, late of Rathmore Park, Co. Carlow.

POWER—July 8, drowned in Lough Derg, Maurice James Power, eldest son of Maurice Power, Thurles, aged 23 years.

HENNESSY—July 8, at Rodiliagh, Meath, William, youngest son of William and Mary Hennessy, aged 27 years.

MCDONNELL—July 12, at Drimbawn, county Mayo, Susan Isabella Elizabeth, widow of the late Robert McDonnell, M.D., F.R.S., Dublin.

"Oh, if I had only taken this medicine earlier in life, what years of suffering it would have saved me!" was the touching exclamation of one who had been cured of rheumatism by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Scores of such cases are on record.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

A Grand Excursion.

The famous Elgin Watch Factory Band, numbering sixty pieces, of Elgin, Ill., will leave this city on Saturday, Aug. 1 at 9:30 a m, on the steamer City of Chicago, for St. Joseph and Benton Harbor, returning at 8 p. m. Round trip $1.00.

To Colorado via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Tourist tickets are now on sale, and can be had of ticket agents of all roads and at Burlington Route depots in Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis. There is no better place than Colorado for those seeking rest and pleasure.

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BEFORE THE GATE.

They gave the whole long day to idle laughter,
To fitful song and jest,
To moods of soberness as idle after,
And silences as idle, too, as the rest.

But when at last upon their way returning,
Ta'en turn late and early,
Through the broad window in the sunset burning,
They reached the gate, one fine spell hindered them both.

Her heart was troubled with a subtle anguish
Such as but women know
That wait, and fear love speak or speak not, languish,
And what they would, would rather they would not so;

Till he said—manlike nothing comprehending
Of all the wondrous guile
That women weo win themselves with, and bending
Eyes of relentless asking on her the while—

"Ah, if beyond this gate the path united
Our steps as far as death,
And I might open it"— His voice, affrighted
At its own daring, faltered under his breath.

Then she—whom both his faith and fear enchanted
Far beyond words to tell,
Feeling her woman's finest wit had wanted
The art he had that knew to blunder so well—

Shyly drew near a little step, and mocking,
"Shall we not be too late
For tea?" she said. "I'm quite worn out with walking;
Yes, thanks, your arm. And will you—open the gate?"

—Wm. Dean Howells in New York Recorder.

TRICKED.

Wild March weather; hurrying clouds coursing across the sky, driven by the keen north wind which was whistling round the dwelling places of men, sweeping majestically over miles of grass land which stretched inland from the frowning cliffs, and sporting in reckless abandonment of pleasure with his old playmate the sea, lashing the brave white horses to a swifter gallop, urging on the waters till they leapt high upon the rocks and dashed in mad glee against the steady, rugged old cliffs.

Noisy, blustering, rollicking north wind, in spite of all your rough ways, there was one who had come forth to meet your embrace, who loved you for your strength, for your grandeur. And the north wind met her, to kiss her laughing lips with the salt sea spray, strengthen her heart with her stirring song, touch the dark hair with his fingers, challenge the sparkling, smiling eyes, which resisted, outwitted, defied him, till he loved her in his own whole hearted fashion, and swept onward telling her name to sea and sky and shore—Marina, Child of the Ocean.

Sir Denis Beauchamp, making his way up the steep cliff, stood up for a moment gazing in silent wonder at the frail looking little figure, which not only withstood the tempestuous blast, but seemed actually to enjoy it. A smile parted his fine cut lips as he took in first the whole picture, and then the particular beauty of the sweet flowerlike face turned seaward.

Suddenly Marina turned and saw the stranger. He immediately accosted her, and she noticed that his smile lit up a somewhat plain face.

"Lady Katharine has sent me to bring you home," he said.

"Then you are Sir Denis. But how did you know me?"

"I fancied there could be but one young lady desirous of making friends with such a very rough customer as this north wind."

"We are great friends. It is delightful up here. Look at that tossing sea; isn't it beautiful!"

"Beautiful!" he replied. But he was not looking at the sea.

Lady Katharine Dyson watched the pair approach as they came up from the beach into her well kept grounds.

"All goes well," she murmured and smiled.

Lady Katharine, desiring a companion for the winter at Thirltown, had remembered her cousin Eleanor's orphan child, and Marina, being only seventeen and alone in the world, had been very thankful to make her home with Lady Katharine. All had gone well till the return of the bachelor squire of Heathcote Hall, who some weeks later startled Lady Katharine by a sudden remark on Marina's beauty.

Lady Katharine answered lightly: "Don't loose your heart too quickly. She does not quite carry her character in her pretty face."

Was there a covert sting in the words? Heathcote put away the fancy as absurd.

"Too late with your advice, Lady Katharine. If I ever marry I shall marry that girl."

Perfectly unconscious was he of the effect of this speech upon his listener. Possessed himself of no more than a friendly regard for her, and being by nature somewhat unobservant, it had never dawned upon him that she could regard him as more than a friend. Indeed, it would have rather offended his unwordly and quixotic sense of honor had he known that a married woman, and she the wife of his old chum, George Dyson (who was then dispensing justice in Indian law courts), had conceived for him feelings nothing short of infatuation, all the fiercer for being kept so rigorously under restraint. So he spoke in all good faith, and Marina, standing afar in the sunlight, knew not that fate was weaving into her web of life the love of an honest man and the hate of a jealous woman.

The long night hours brought no sleep to Katharine Dyson, but Marina found her next morning calm as ever, and, if anything, a shade kinder than usual; while all there was to show as the result of that night watching was a little note addressed to Sir Denis Beauchamp, which found him at his club, and brought a smile to his lips. The contents were brief: "Come down for a week or so. Attractions—saving, of course, my society—best described by a round O, but for one thing, and that a fair thing. As you love me, come, and I promise you shall not be bored."

Three days later he came, and Lady Katharine, watching him approach, the eyes bent upon the sweet face which the north wind had kissed into more than wonted beauty, murmured, "All goes well."

At any rate, Marina thought all was well She asked no questions respecting him, and, indeed, there was always a little air of reticence about her which Sir Denis found delightful. Accustomed to the ways of women, and smiled upon by almost every type of them, he was amused to find that this darkeyed little sea maiden had wit enough to hold her own against his attack. It made the contest rather more interesting. Had she bent that dainty head of hers to his first touch, he would have left her and gone back to his old familiar haunts without giving her another thought. But she was a hardy little flower, and, seeing the bravery of her bearing, he waited on from day to day, from week to week. The season in town was a dull one; he had been a little bored before leaving, and this child was worth studying.

But Arthur Heathcote failed to understand the gradual change in her and wooed her still in his somewhat heavy fashion. He took courage to remark to Lady Katharine: "I declare I believe she likes me best. Isn't she a bit shy with Beauchamp? Just a little afraid of him, it strikes me."

Was she afraid of Sir Denis? Her words failed her now and then; her merry speech had a trick of dropping into silence when his hand touched hers ever so lightly. The sea murmured strange things as they wandered together in unfrequented ways.

"You love it?" he said, as she staid her steps beside it.

"It is my world. I was born at sea. Its music was my slumbering song in infancy, my joy song in childhood, my dream song always"——

"And shall be now?"——

Only a something in the voice, the look; only a bent head and lips which—stay; they did not brush the fairy dust from the pretty butterfly's wing. Not yet, not quite yet.

"Happy Marina!" he said; "happy child! My sea sings a rougher song. It is the sea of the world."

"You love it?" she questioned demurely, echoing his phrase and beating back the riotous thoughts.

"It loves me—is not that enough?"

She laughed softly. "Quite enough. I am glad you do not love it more."

"Who taught you to scorn the world?"

"Scorn it? I respect it as a mighty institution. Do I not listen with due reverence to the world maxims and world stories you and Lady Katharine repeat?"

There was a faint inflection of sorrow in his tone as he replied: "Don't let her spoil you, little one. The life song the sea sings you is a nobler one than ours."

"As God's world is nobler than man's."

She stole away very quietly on their return, and left him alone with Lady Katharine. They talked on indifferent subjects.

"You are pleased to be dull, Denis. Are you beginning to be bored?"

"Bored? No."

"You find Marina interesting?"

"Very."

Then silence. Lady Katharine poked the fire to a blaze that she might see his face. It was inscrutable.

At length he spoke. "I wonder, Kitty, what induced you to ask me here just now?"

"Life in Thirltown was not amusing me. Is not that sufficient?"

"Flatterer! I might believe you but for one thing. Since my arrival you have scarcely vouchsafed me a single hour of your undivided attention."

"You have, nevertheless, amused yourself."

"Yes. You asked me to take her off your hands for a time, and have taken care to give me every opportunity. You have told her?"

"I have not supposed it necessary."

"It is necessary. You will tell her tonight."

"And you?"

"It is not a subject I care to allude to I shall be silent, provided you promise she shall know."

"I will make my opportunity."

The days passed, and every morning the dark eyes met the sun more gladly, and every night the red lips parted in more tender fashion on repeating his name.

Lady Katharine watched her closely. "All goes well," she murmured still, and at last she made her opportunity.

Thirltown was en fete for Easter, and Lady Katharine Dyson gave a ball at the park. Marina's first ball; a new delight of the enchanted region into which she had entered that wild March morning.

"The incarnation of spring," said Heathcote, moved almost to poetic fancy by the sight of her radiant face.

"Perhaps. But spring is capricious, and chills with cutting breath when most we are rejoicing in her beauty," said Katharine, hating the child yet more.

"My little siren," whispered Denis as he and Marina glided past.

"To lure men to destruction? Say rather"——

"I will say nothing beyond 'this rich praise, that you alone are you.'"

Poor little butterfly, basking in such sun rays of speech, believing the flowers would never fade or the magic light grow dim.

Heathcote, with blind pertinacity, refused to be discouraged. His chance was surely a good one; he would put it to the test at once. Katharine, divining his intention, felt that the hour of her triumph drew near. "She will refuse him, and he will come to me then, and will learn to care more than ever he cared before. It is the way of men. I have tricked her into it; I have done well, and now"——

Marina danced on, innocent, beautiful, happy. This hour of delight was the crown of her seventeen years, and life was very fair. Sir Denis scarcely left her side; he found her strangely interesting, more so than he cared to confess. Was a child like this to snare him into love's sweet folly? he asked himself. Bah! he would spend this evening with her, and he would leave her forever tomorrow—perhaps. Heathcote claimed her at last, but she hardly noticed his remarks, till his earnest declaration and proposal roused her from her abstraction. Dismay overpowered her; she refused to listen. "Not tonight, not tonight," she cried incoherently. She could not bring pain into this perfect hour. She moved away slightly, with flushed face and tear dimmed eyes. Lady Katharine saw the gesture, and, thinking her work was done, stepped forward unnoticed.

"Marina, may I take you off for a few minutes? I want to introduce you to some people."

Marina gladly suffered herself to be led away. They met Sir Denis.

"My dance?"

"No; Lady Katharine wants me."

"The next, then?"

"Yes, the next."

A backward look and glad smile as they moved on into a small boudoir. Lady Katharine fastened the door. Then she drew the child to her.

"Marina, I want to speak to you quietly. You are very young, dear; your ignorance of the world's ways is pretty. You hardly seem to understand the rules of society."

Marina glanced up wonderingly.

"You have no mother, dear, and must not quarrel with me for giving a word of warning. Really, my child, I must ask you to be more careful, and not dance quite so often with Sir Denis."

"Is that all?" laughed Marina softly; "I thought I must have done something very dreadful."

But she drew apart while speaking, and shivered slightly.

"I have not been with him more than usual, have I?"

"But this is so public; and, my dear, he is a terrible flirt."

"Yes."

Then Lady Katharine lost her temper.

"Don't stand there so calmly and think you can carry on as you like, and make a fool of such a man as Arthur Heathcote with impunity. Bah! you little fool; you have been played with like a doll, as many another has been before you. Ask your gay lover when he last saw his wife. Badly as he treats her, she may claim a little respect, and it is not decent to see you flirting publicly like this with him. I tell you he is a married man."

"I know it."

Not a tremor, not a movement suggested the agony of the child standing with head erect, facing her foe, and acting the lie so bravely that her listener was foiled. She had meant to crush this beautiful little being to the earth; and, behold! the blow seemed to have glanced harmlessly aside.

"You knew it? And are you not ashamed—you, who pretend to be so innocent, so far above the vanities of life?"

"Pardon, Lady Katharine. How often have you not tried to instill into me some of the world's righteous doctrines? And is it not one of its first articles of belief that marriage opens the golden gate to flirtation? You yourself—would you be so very angry if some one were to flirt just a little with a married woman?"

The shot told, but Marina only noticed it with a sort of pity. She used her weapons of self defense with a heavy heart; she longed for escape—for death; but her voice never faltered.

"It is different altogether," cried Katharine wrathfully. "A married woman may do as she likes; but for a young girl to lead a man on so disgracefully is abominable!"

"We have only been amusing each other, Lady Katharine. There is no harm done," said Marina, with a little laugh. "Besides, I have only forestalled my privileges slightly. I shall very soon be married to Mr. Heathcote, and then, you see, I can do as I like."

The elder woman caught her by the arm in a frenzy of rage. "It is false! You are lying to me. You have refused him?"

"No, I have accepted him," smiled Marina. "And now I really must run away, for he and Sir Denis will be expecting me and your guests will be looking for you."

She escaped, but her task was not quite over. A look and a very few words sealed her fate, and Heathcote could scarcely believe in his happiness.

Then, unable to bear more, she rushed blindly out into the night, down to the surging, sobbing sea, out to the cold, kind breath of heaven. There Denis found her, his little sea maiden, whom the north wind had kissed so long ago.

To him she could not lie; to him the whole story was laid bare.

"Swear to me, Denis, as you love me—or, rather, as I thought you loved me"——

"I do love you. You are the one pure love of my life." And he spoke the truth.

"Swear to me she shall never know. She tricked me so cruelly. Oh, Denis! do not let her triumph altogether!"

"I promise."

Poor little butterfly, all the gold dust was brushed from its pretty wings, all the sunlight gone.

They looked over the waste of waters.

"Slumber song, love song," she murmured—"and now the death song, too."

* * * * * * *

Lady Katharine, as often as she meets society's favorite, Arthur Heathcote's beautiful young wife, feels a dumb rage and shame possess her, for she knows only too well which has triumphed.—London World.

Taking Down a Vain Young Man.

On one occasion, it is said, a vain and foppish young Scotch nobleman, in Lady Blessington's drawing room, was talking about his countrymen, when some one asked him why it was that all the Scotchmen abroad seemed to be intellectually superior men.

"It is because," said the young lord, "we keep well qualified watchmen at all the roads leading out of Scotland, who suffer no man to go out of the country who is not thoroughly intelligent."

"Then," said Lady Blessington, "I suppose your lordship was smuggled?"—Youth's Companion.

The Way He Looked at It.

"Is love blind?"

"I am afraid my love is. She says she can't see any advantage in marrying me."—Harper's Bazar.

WHY DO MEN SUICIDE?

NEARLY ALL METHODS OF SELF MURDER HAVE BEEN TRIED.

Suicide Among the Greeks and Romans. Few Negroes Have Ever Taken Their Own Life—Reason of One Man for Hastening to Shuffle of the Mortal Coil.

A prominent physician who has made a study of suicide said the other day:

Why should a man kill himself? The popular answer is, "Because he is crazy!" Scientific men easily disprove that, but are still somewhat at sea in devising a better answer. Was the philosopher Seneca crazy when he entered the warm bath and opened his veins? Were all the hundreds of Romans who made happy dispatch of themselves insane? Surely not.

The Greeks rarely committed suicide, but at one time it was quite the fashion in Rome. It is the rarest of rarities for a slave to commit suicide, though a slave owner often does. Extensive inquiry fails to develop a single case of an American negro's committing suicide, though there have been a few cases among mulattos and octoroons.

Shall it be said, then, that the superior race is the suicidal? Surely not, for the Greeks were at least the equals of the Romans. The solution must be sought elsewhere.

Perhaps religious belief has something to do with it, but it would be hard to prove it. One fact, however, gives us a clew. Among the lowest races of mankind and in the lowest intellectual grades of any society suicide is practically unknown, and among the highest in race or culture it is extremely rare, while in the middle or lower middle classes it is most common.

STRANGE REASONS FOR THE ACT.

It is those who are midway on the course, whether as races or individuals, those who are in the struggle, who lose heart and rush unbidden into eternity. This is only another way of saying that where the battle is fiercest there are the most wounds and sudden deaths; those who have won the victory and those lying idle in camp and designing no struggle are fairly well satisfied with the situation. The cultured and well-to-do Philadelphian is, on the whole, as willing to live as the naked Senegambian.

The causes assigned for suicide are to the last degree curious. In many cases well-to-do suicides simply allege that they are tired of life—the monotony of it is too much for them. An English gentleman left a note to the effect that he was tired of "coming in and going out, laying down and getting up, buttoning and unbuttoning."

A London cabman wrote that he had exhausted all the pleasure of driving in this world and wanted to see how they drove in the other. Strange to say, love and poverty furnish the smallest number of cases, and mere bodily suffering the greatest.

But the saddest cases are those in which a whole family die together, and of these the Salford case, which occurred some years ago, was the most mournful of all.

SALFORD'S COLD BLOODED DEED.

Salford was a druggist's assistant, threatened with the loss of position and poverty. He succeeded in gaining his wife's consent, as his letter said, that the "whole family should go together," but she did not want to know when the fatal dose was given. So he gave her and the youngest child prussic acid in a cooling drink as they lay down for the night, and in a few minutes they expired without pain: One by one he disposed of the other five children in the same way—"all in peace and without pain, thank God," he wrote.

He then drew up his will, went out and obtained the signature of witnesses, returned and wrote four letters, and then swallowed the poison, and was soon a corpse. Such a case is beyond analysis by a healthful mind. Yet we cannot say it was insanity.

It is scarcely possible to conceive of any method of suicide not already employed by some one, but whenever one strikes a novel method he is sure to have a host of imitators. Hanging, drowning, poisoning, stabbing, or other forms of cutting, shooting and jumping from high places are most common.

Many women have swallowed hot coals, powdered glass and other destructive articles. Cleopatra applied an asp to her bosom, and it is worth noting that she has no imitators. Women have a horror of serpents, and they are not easily obtained at the time desired.

France leads all other nations in suicides, as in the last year for which we have the record 216 persons killed themselves in each 1,000,000 of the population, and the increase is rapid. Of 7,573 suicides in one year one-fifth were in Paris, and smothering by charcoal fumes is the favorite method. In London nearly all suicides are with the knife and razor, and it is plain truth that in this respect the British are the worst "cutthroats" in Europe.—Chicago Tribune.

Electricity Defined.

I was standing on the back platform of a street car the other day when a high school boy asked the conductor, "What is electricity?"

The conductor made some jesting reply, when the lad, as if to show off a lesson he had just learned said, "Electricity is a manifestation of energy."

How delightfully definite! What an accession of knowledge the boy had received when he memorized that definition! No scientist can define electricity, but the bootblack who calls it "juice" is more precise than the high school lad.—Buffalo Express.

Musical Note.

"I did not like Mantalini. There was an air of hauteur"——

"Can you whistle it?"

"What?"

"The air of 'hauteur.' I never heard of the composer."—New York Truth.

There is scarcely a more enjoyable or healthful exercise than swimming, provided always the water is not too cold nor the indulgence too prolonged.

Water That Lost a Customer.

It is fun to watch the pineapple man. He is a generous fellow, and the slabs of pine that he cuts off and retails for a nickel are thick and sweet, and his trade is large.

Unto him clerks, newsboys and millionaires come the livelong day to refresh themselves with fruit. He peels and cuts and cuts and peels, and still the demand continues.

A Wall street banker stops and buys a piece; an editor refreshes his inner man with a slab of pine; a street gamin wheedles a nickel slice out of the old man for a penny. An old, decrepit woman, with a cheek as hard as that of the statue of Liberty, comes up and asks him for a slice. The pineapple man looks at her a minute, subtracts a thin slice from the heap and gives it to the beggar, and she goes on her way rejoicing.

At last the curbstone merchant gets out his dinner pail and eats a hearty meal. It never occurs to him to flavor it with some of his luscious stock in trade, and he goes dessertless.

When he is through he takes out a very small tin pail of water and sprinkles some of it upon the fruit to keep it from getting dry. Then he carefully washes his hands in the pail, and then, oh, heavens! he carefully covers up the pail, as if water were precious under the shadow of the postoffice and with the free drinking fountain not thirty feet away!

Thank you, not today! I was going to treat myself to pines, but something has suddenly stolen my appetite away.—New York Herald.

The Neglect of the Groom.

A person about to be married has sent in a complaint for public consideration against the constant neglect which the bridegroom receives from the press, from the friends of the contracting parties and often from their immediate families. All interest centers in the bride, whose dress is described in voluminous detail, whose bouquet is not considered beneath mention, and whose face, blushing beneath her veil, is the most pleasing attraction of the wedding.

The bridesmaids, lovely girls, fluttering in dainty colors, are worth more than a passing notice. The ushers, the guests, and even the organist, are spoken of in an appreciative manner. Sometimes there is consideration shown to the sexton of the church. But where is the groom? There are columns of descriptions of weddings in the daily press, and in these columns the personality of the groom is passed over without a glimmer of apology.

How does the groom dress? What is his choice of flower? Do his gloves fit? Are his shoes of patent leather? Nobody knows these interesting details, although they are undoubtedly important to the neglected man. His presence is supposed from occasional mention of the "young couple," and he probably may be seen skulking around the corner of the pulpit; but he is evidently in a hurry for the completion of the matter. It is not his occasion. Unfortunate man, he is the chief and notable instance of "Hamlet left out of Hamlet."—Boston Journal.

Conscience in the Sleeping Man.

Dreams have been regarded as an interesting subject of study ever since scientific thought was born. Locke, the essayist on the human understanding, was of the opinion that a man did not think at all when really asleep, while modern investigators in this line of research believe that thought no more ceases during sleep than a watch properly wound runs down in the night.

According to their notion, under such conditions the mechanical functions of the mind are active, though uncontrolled by the judgment, and thus it happens that one's dreams are apt to be unreasonable and even absurd.

Could anything be more interesting than to trace the progress of a dream, if it were only possible? Think of the variety of experiences through which one would be conveyed, untrammeled by the limitations of common sense which restrict one's waking thoughts, and freed from the moral responsibilities that encumber the doings of ordinary life. Probability sets no bounds to the dreamer's vision, and even conscience is dormant, since the most righteous of men do, on occasions, misbehave themselves most shockingly in the strange Land of Nod.—Washington Star.

A Bird's Waterproof Nest.

Being out on a prospecting tour in the mountains and having some knowledge of birds and beasts in their native haunts, I was on the alert for anything I could see. One day while we were wading a mountain stream in Skamania county, Wash., I saw a water ousel leave a waterfall some twenty feet above the stream we were in. By helping my companion up the rocks he was enabled to reach the place where the bird had left, and was rewarded by finding the nest, a splendid waterproof nest, built in a crevice of the rocks where the water was pouring over and partly onto the fore part of the nest. I now have it and one egg at home in Vancouver, Wash., as a relic of our trip.—George Mitchell in Portland Oregonian.

Is It To or Too?

The violation of the particle "to" is a sin of continual growth, and not merely by that insertion of an adverb between it and the body of the verb censured by Taylor, but by total dislocation, as in such cases as "try to," "mean to," "going to" and "obliged to." Dr. Watts has been taxed with its perpetration in a well known line which occurs in his didactic rhyme for children, "Let dogs delight to bark and bite;" the probable truth being that he wrote not "For 'tis their nature 'to,'" but, "For 'tis their nature (id est, the nature of bears and tigers to growl and fight,) 'too.'" A misprint here is vastly more conceivable than an ungrammatical trip on the part of Dr. Watts.—Notes and Queries.

Reticent.

Cleverton—Was Miss Griggson bored by my talk last night?

Dashaway—I couldn't get her to say.—New York Truth.

AS OTHERS SAW HIM.

How General Sherman Got Some Queer Information About Himself.

There was a big celebration by the Grand Army, and as a special train full of members from New York passed Elizabeth, N. J., a tall, gray headed man entered one of the cars and took a seat next to a committeeman, who was decorated with more badges and medals than a French field marshal.

"Going down to the jamboree, comrade?" asked the committeeman.

"Yes, sir," said the tall man.

"In the war, eh?"

"All through," replied the newcomer, with a smile.

"Of course you were with Grant," said the New York member, with a humorous wink.

"Part of the time."

"Well, I was with Sherman—Atlanta to the sea, you know. Many's the jolly night I spent playing poker with old Tecump. He couldn't play worth a dern though."

"Couldn't, eh?" said the gray haired veteran, with interest.

"No; it was like finding money. I've a great mind to tell the boys of a little incident that occurred during the great march, but as the 'old man' is to be here himself tonight I guess it wouldn't do."

"I shouldn't mind that."

"Well, I dunno. You see, it was like this: Just after we struck the Weldon railroad we had a fight. About noon it let up a little and Sherman and I borrowed a drum from the band for a table and went into the bushes for a little game of draw."

"Queer time for poker."

"Oh, you see fighting was a chestnut to us in those days, while poker was a good deal. Well, I horsed the old man pretty bad, and when at last he opened a jackpot he was about cleaned out, so he wrote out his pay receipt for the next month and threw it in the pot. I raised him $200. Just then a bullet zipped through the drum and the action was under way again.

"The old man jumped up. 'Pete,' he says—Tecump always called me Pete—'Pete, we can't play this hand just now, but we'll finish it after the scrimmage. Here, I'll put my hand under this stone and you put yours in that hollow log.' We did so and rushed for our horses."

"Hot fight that," said the tall veteran, reflectively.

"You bet. Every time I got near the general he'd stand up in his stirrups, wave his sword and yell, 'A hundred better, Pete,' and I'd holler back, 'A hundred better nor you.' It was most night before he called me, and then the pot was a couple of thousand. After supper we went out, hunted up the cards, and showed 'em down. I had three aces and two kings, and Tecump had four kings and an ace. Singular, wasn't it?"

"Remarkable. How did you account for it?"

Account for it? Why somebody had been monkeying with the gen'ral's hand, that's what! I don't insinuate anything, mind, but you can bet your boots I never played Tecump again. But here's the junction—let's go out and have a drink. What might your name be, comrade?"

"William T. Sherman."—San Francisco Examiner.

At a Charity Fair.

A man who strayed into a "charity bazaar" had a trying experience.

He had made several quite unsatisfactory purchases, not knowing how to refuse the demands of the pretty saleswomen, and at last, to prove that he could make one sensible investment, he bought a small matchbox and carried it off in triumph and haste.

Examining it after he had left the booth, he discovered that there was no place on which to light the matches.

So, with the air of one determined not to be cheated, he marched back to the young lady of whom he had bought the box.

"There is a mistake here," he said. "You sold me this pocket matchbox, and there is no place on it to scratch the matches."

"My dear sir," said the young lady, "you are quite right; I made a mistake. That is intended for a jewel box and costs fifty cents more, if you please."

"And what did you do?" asked a friend to whom he related his tale of woe.

"If you've ever been to a fair," replied the other in an aggrieved tone, "you know very well what I did. I paid the fifty cents, of course!"—Exchange.

Children Who Work Ten Hours a Day.

Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, looks upon the employment of young children in mercantile houses as a serious evil.

"There are no statistics," said he, "to show the number of children under fourteen years of age thus employed, but it must be large. I believe that some children under eight years of age are employed in mercantile houses, and I know that their wages seldom exceed two dollars per week, while for a single day's absence they are docked much more than a single day's pay. The average pay is probably not more than $1.50 per week, and many small children receive but one dollar per week. There has been no attempt to organize children into labor unions because the thing is impossible. They could not act of their own volition. The hours of children in mercantile houses are ordinarily from 7:30 a. m. to 6:30 p. m., and in the holiday season as late as 10 p. m. Many such children are set to work not so much from the need as from the greed of parents."—New York Recorder.

He Regretted It.

Hunker—You missed a heated argument by not coming to the boarding house for dinner today.

Spatts—I'm sorry I wasn't there then. It would be a great novelty to have something warm at Mrs. Small's table.—New York Epoch.

A Long Wait.

Policeman—Here, move on! Why don't you go home?

Tramp (with dignity)—I'm waitin' fer me coachman.—Good News.

STORY OF A RUSSIAN.

IF IT IS TRUE HE HAS HAD HIS FULL SHARE OF ADVENTURE.

He Is But Thirty-eight Years Old and Has Escaped from the Mines of Siberia. How He Made His Way to America. His Fall from a Balloon and Escape.

Recently there came to Boston a man whose history was probably never equaled by anybody, and probably will never be. The man was Ivan Orloff, a Russian, who was born in St. Petersburg about thirty-eight years ago. One of the most important things in the history of his wonderful career is the fact that he is one of a few who have escaped from the coal mines of Siberia.

Orloff arrived in this city from New York. One of the hottest days of the year he was overcome by the heat at the north end. Some passersby who noticed his condition came to his aid and gave him some whisky, while another stole from him a new electric battery, which he had bought recently.

On regaining consciousness he inquired his way to the nearest police station, and was directed to station 1. Upon his arrival there he asked Captain Cain if he could not lie down and rest for a while. The good natured officer of course said yes, and the man, soon after sitting down in the guardroom, began to doze. The captain, noticing his condition, sent for Dr. Elliott.

The stranger was then taken to the surgery room and examined by the doctor and his assistant, Dr. Dunn, who applied the usual restoratives. The doctors told him to keep quiet and that he would soon be all right, but he appeared to be so nervous that he excited the suspicions of not only the doctors, but the police. In his pockets Captain Cain found a lot of instruments. Upon being questioned he informed the people in the room that they were musical instruments.

"Can you play?" asked Captain Cain.

"Well, a little," was Orloff's reply.

ESCAPE FROM SIBERIA'S MINES.

He was then invited to go to the parlor of the house, where he was shown the piano. The first piece he played was a selection from Mendelssohn, and never before, and probably never again, was such music heard inside the walls of the station. After he had played numerous fine selections the officers and doctors became greatly interested in him, and began questioning him. As a result he told a story, which was as follows:

He was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, and was a student in a medical college in that place. One day the rooms of the students were raided and a lot of inflammatory documents and seditious papers were found in his room. However, he would not admit that they belonged to him. He was arrested and sentenced to Siberia, where he was put at work in the coal mines, from which he managed to escape.

Assuming the role of an Englishman, this he being able to do as he speaks English very fluently as well as the other languages, he was easily enabled to work his way through the country without being detected, as he was penniless. After a good deal of traveling and suffering he managed to reach western China. Arriving there he was arrested on the charge of stealing food.

"The residents of this portion of China are exceedingly barbarous, and without trial I was sentenced to have my head chopped off. However, luck was again with me, and by some hook or crook an English official heard of my predicament. After a great deal of hard work he managed to secure my release.

"I started across China again, all the time being afraid I would be arrested and sent back to the awful mines. However, I finally managed to get a job aboard a vessel and shipped to America, landing at San Francisco.

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

"During the Franco-Prussian war I was in the French army commanded by McMahon, but I was directly under Marshal Bazaine."

He then branched from his own history and told of the surrender of Metz to the Germans and the escape of Bazaine to England.

Continuing his story, he said:

"During the war, while the Germans were besieging the city, two companions and myself were sent up in a captive balloon (one which had a long rope tied to the ground) to ascertain the number of the opposing army. When in midair the balloon was struck by a shell, causing the airship to explode.

"My companions and myself fell to the ground, my companions being instantly killed, while I was knocked senseless and the bones of my arms, feet and hands being broken in several places. My skull was also fractured.

"I was in the hospital at Metz for over a year. After leaving Metz I traveled considerably and was in Alexandria at the time of the siege by the British early in the eighties."

Here the man, who must bear a charmed life, showed the doctors and the police his body, which, to say the least, was a "sight." His arms, hands, legs and feet plainly showed that they had been broken. Upon examining his skull the physicians found inserted in his head a piece of platinum of silver, where his scalp was missing.

Orloff told more about his life, which is full of exciting incidents. Owing to the injuries with which this wonderful man has met his system is naturally a very nervous one. A hot atmosphere always affects him and he is easily overcome. His normal temperature is 98.2. —Boston Record.

A Stage Subject.

A good stage subject occurs in a recent volume of memoirs. Two men fight with small swords in a drawing room, while somebody plays a piano to drown the clash of swords. Make this some one a lady, make her keenly interested in the duel, and we think you have a fairly attractive stage scene—especially if the lady brains the winner with a music stool. Or she can comfort the conqueror with her blandishments. —Saturday Review.

FOR THE TOILET

There is no more useful or elegant article than Ayer's Hair Vigor—the most popular and economical hair-dressing in the market. It causes the hair to grow abundantly and retain the beauty and texture of youth; prevents baldness, heals troublesome humors of the scalp and keeps it clean, cool, and healthy. Both ladies and gentlemen everywhere prefer Ayer's Hair Vigor to any other dressing for the hair. Mrs. Lydia O. E. Pittston, Me., writes: "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for some time, and it has worked wonders for me. I was troubled with dandruff and falling hair, so that I was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Vigor, my head is perfectly clear of dandruff, the hair has ceased coming out, and I now have a good growth, of the same color as when I was a young woman. I can heartily recommend the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor to any one suffering from dandruff or loss of hair."

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Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 530 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 799 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Daiziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 3137 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 15th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 3974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 508 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 153 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge st.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J E McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 382 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

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St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilanler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Olow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av.

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sensen, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1096 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 3d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4433 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hara, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagomis's hall, Western and North avs.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 261 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 82 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 186 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J E Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 536 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Kaler, R S, 209 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Rynon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond O Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Bobey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Farel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Eblebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S. Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonb, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 233 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson avs.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Scottish hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 228 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 334 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5594 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Briski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont avs.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Semmers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pick, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trausch, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger af and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

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Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

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St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Oquiter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Oquiter st; David McGaan, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Keaney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudrean, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 530 W. Erie.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forsyner st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. 3—Hugh L. Barron, Pres., 270 W. 14th st; James Carroll, V.-P.; Edward O'Neill, Rec Sec, 1066 Van Horn st; John Farrell, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; P. Lavery, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 569 S. Halsted-st; T. F. White, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec., 447 Thirty-fifth st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 5256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; R. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet 3rd Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. J. Dunne, Pres., 1728 W. Lake-st.; C. Sullivan, V.-P.; M. J. Barret, Rec. Sec., 429 S. Halsted st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T T Abern, Pres 8 Chicago; J J Murphy, V. P.; D Duggan, Rec Sec., 8 Chicago; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; John McCabe, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eisenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., D. Nicholson, 96 Emerson av.; V.-P., P. D. Kirby; Rec. Sec., Joseph Lamb, 521 W. Erie st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 12—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2863 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin.Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas, James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec, Lawrence Henely; Treas., P. B. Flanagan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N. W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts.

Div. No. 18—Pres., m. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts. V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Sheehahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. Sec. Jeremiah Herbert; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 719 Loomis-st. Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 23—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 25—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeoeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas. Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 28—Pres., J P Doheny, 2359 Honore st; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, Alexander Reilly, Kensington: V P. M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Dolan, Box 887 Pullman; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres, John Dowling, 253 N Clark st; V F Thomas Franey; rec sec, John Mulhearn, 40 Artesian av; fin sec, Michael Moore; treas, James C. King. Meets last Saturday of each month at 1036 W Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 2200 Lowe av; V P J J Burke; rec sec, M J O Brien, 2203 Butler st; fin sec, Patrick Quinlan; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3818 South Halsted st.

Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty second st; V P, Patrick Foley; Rec Sec, Martin Walsh, 2993 Lyman st; Fin Sec, Patrick Crimmins; Treas, James Kelly. Meet first and third Saturday each month at 686 Thirty-first st.

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John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.
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Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.
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T. F. Thornton, 3010 third av, Birmingham, Ala.
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COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S. W. corner of Lake and LaSalle-sts.

County Delegate, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel street, Chicago, Ill.
County Secretary, J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 574, Oak Park, Ill.
County Fin. Secretary, E. Quinn, 550 W. Twenty-first-st.
County Treasurer, Thomas Flood, 533 Austin av.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1—Pres. Thomas Flynn, 536 W Erie st; Vice-Pres, Wm Griffen; Rec Sec, Michael Tuohy,

DOUBLE PHOTOGRAPHS.

Methods of Making a Figure Appear in Different Positions on One Plate.

The making of double pictures on one negative plate has been practiced by photographers for some time. It has been supposed that they were made by using reflections from mirrors to double the object to be photographed. Doubles may be made that way, but the reflection on the glass always shows, while the features are invariably distorted. The most common way of making successful doubles is to extend the reach of the lens with a small box of the same depth of the focal depth of the lens. The inside of the box should be smooth and blackened a dead black, to prevent its appearance in the picture.

The front of the box is then divided equally by two small doors or flaps. In making the exposure open one flap, draw the slide from your plate holders and expose the plate. Then replace the slide, close the door that was open, let the person being photographed change position, open the door that was closed on the first exposure, leaving the other one closed, focus the object, draw the slide again and expose the plate again, and you have the same person in two different attitudes in the same negative, without any line of demarkation showing in the background.

Captain John N. Riker goes further than making doubles. He makes triples, quadruples or any number wanted, in the most grotesque and ghastly forms, on one plate. His system of making doubles on the same plate is more complicated than the one described. It is done by placing a kit or shutter over the plate in the holder and exposing a part at a time.

The kit is hinged in sections, the upper corners opening like little doors to the side. Decapitated heads are taken by opening the doors and just exposing the part of the plate directly behind, on which the head has been focused. After these exposures have been made the doors are closed and the subject is focused with outstretched hands. After proper focusing, the kit, except the upper corners, is drawn away and a full exposure made.

A few days ago Captain Riker walked into the house and tossed an envelope into Mrs. Riker's hands. On opening it she found a picture of the headless body standing upright with arms outstretched, and in each hand a platter on which lay a ghastly head—his own.

Captain Riker said that while he had known for many years the secret of making the pictures, he now desired to show simply what really is behind the making of alleged spook and spirit pictures. The secret of making the pictures has been known for many years also by Professor George R. Cromwell.—New York Sun.

An Improvement in Tunneling.

The frequent and serious difficulty experienced in the operations of tunneling, namely, the subsidence of the surface after the completion of the work, has lately been found to be preventable by a simple system resorted to by a London contractor, by the use of which no ground outside the actual section of the subway in hand need be disturbed. The system in question comprises a series of steel bars placed side by side with the excavation so as to form a complete temporary lining and support to the roof, and within this series of bars the permanent brick arch of the tunnel is built.

The bars used in this work are ten feet long, six inches wide, and two inches thick, being provided at their edges with longitudinal grooves, by means of which each is linked to the next one in such a way as to admit of separate longitudinal motion, and yet to prevent lateral separation. The bars are inserted in the same manner, as well as supported, as ordinary tunnel bars, the ground being excavated only the exact section of the tunnel, plus the trifling thickness of the bars.

After the brickwork has been built within them the bars are separately pushed forward by jackscrews as the earth is excavated for the succeeding length. The bars are provided with longitudinal tubular cavities, through which grouting or other filling material may be introduced from time to time to fill the space left vacant by the advancing bars between the top of the lining arch and the earth above and around, this preventing any subsidence.—New York Sun.

Maine's Female Tramp.

A city female tramp of giant stature is annoying some of our western Maine towns. She comes to the farmhouses, generally after dark, and begs to be allowed to stay all night. Her request is generally granted, though unwillingly, for her person is very repulsive. She always carries several large bundles covered with a waterproof. In one of them are a clean dress and whole shoes which she saves to put on in Boston. They are too good for tramping in Maine.

To all appearance she hasn't a relative in the world, and prefers this roving life to any kind of labor, for she is frequently offered a chance to do housework at farmhouses, but always declines. Once she did work for a day or two, but declared she'd rather walk and beg. She expects to go to the poorhouse, but not until she can no longer travel. It is said that to hear her talk without looking at her one would imagine her a lady, so correct is her language.—Lewiston Journal.

Proving an Old Proverb.

Ancæus, king of the Leleges in Samos (an island in the Grecian archipelago), planted a vineyard; and so heavily did he oppress his slaves that one of them, it is said, prophesied to him that he would never live to taste the wine thereof. When the wine was made he sent for his slave and said, "What do you think of your prophecy now?" The slave made answer, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." The words were scarcely uttered when Ancæus was informed that a wild boar had broken into his vineyard and was laying it waste. Ancæus, setting down the cup untasted, hastened to attack and drive out the boar, but he was killed in the encounter.—Detroit Free Press.

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36 LaSalle-st., Corner of Lake,

CHICAGO.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of Peter Clarke, a native of Co. Cavan, Ireland; last heard from about ten years ago; was then in Gunnison, Colorado. Any information about him will be thankfully received by his brother, JAS. CLARKE, 1267 W. Sixteenth st, Chicago, Ill.

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DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK —ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. May Term, A. D. 1891. John G. Haueise vs. Sarah Haueise. In Chancery. No. 91,759.

Notice is hereby given to the said Sarah Haueise that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June A. D. 1891, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.
David Sullivan, Complainant's Solicitor.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK. —ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. In the matter of the estate of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic. To Orlow H. Crotser, and to all whom it may concern:

Please take notice that on the 20th day of July, 1891, being the first day of the July Term 1891, of the Probate Court of Cook County, or as soon thereafter as the matter can be heard, I, Augusta Kennedy, Conservatrix of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic, shall present to said court, at the Probate Court room, in the court house, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook, and State of Illinois, my petition and application for leave to sell, according to law, all that certain real estate of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic, situated in said County and State, and known and described as follows, to-wit: Lot Nineteen (19) in Block Three (3) of Taylor's Subdivision of Block One (1) of Assessor's division of the East half (E½) of the Northwest quarter (N. W. ¼) of Section Eight (8), Townsh p Thirty nine (39), North, Range fourteen (14) East of the Third (3d) Principal Meridian for the purpose of enabling me to pay the debts of said Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic.

AUGUSTA KENNEDY,
Conservatrix of Orlow H Crotser, a lunatic.
Dated Chicago, June 8, 1891.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

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ESTATE OF MICHAEL ENRIGHT, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Michael Enright, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof. JULIA ENRIGHT, Executrix.

Dated Chicago, July 7, 1891.
David Sullivan Attorney.

JAMES O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW OPERA HOUSE BUILDING 112 CLARK-ST.

ESTATE OF PATRICK SHEA, DECEASED. —All persons having claims against the estate of Patrick Shea, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof. WINIFRED SHEA, Executrix.

Dated Chicago, July 9, 1891.
James O'Connell, Solicitor for Executrix.

ESTATE OF MICHAEL WHELAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Michael Whelan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.

Dated Chicago, July 30, 1891
JANE M. WHELAN, Executrix.

James O'Connell, Solicitor for Executrix, Offices 916 Chicago Opera House Building, 112 Clark street.

NOTICE OF PETITION FOR LEAVE TO change name To all whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Victor Krasky, a resident of the County of Cook, in the State of Illinois, will file his petition in the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois, at the next July Term A. D. 1891 of said court which said term of court will begin and be holden at the Court House in Chicago, in said County of Cook, on the third Monday of July, 1891, praying that the name of the undersigned be changed to Victor Kraske.

Dated at Chicago, this 21st day of May A. D. 1891. (Signed) VICTOR KRASKY.

"A man works from Sun to Sun,
But a woman's work
Was never done"
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came to her ken, And now
She's through before
the men.
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